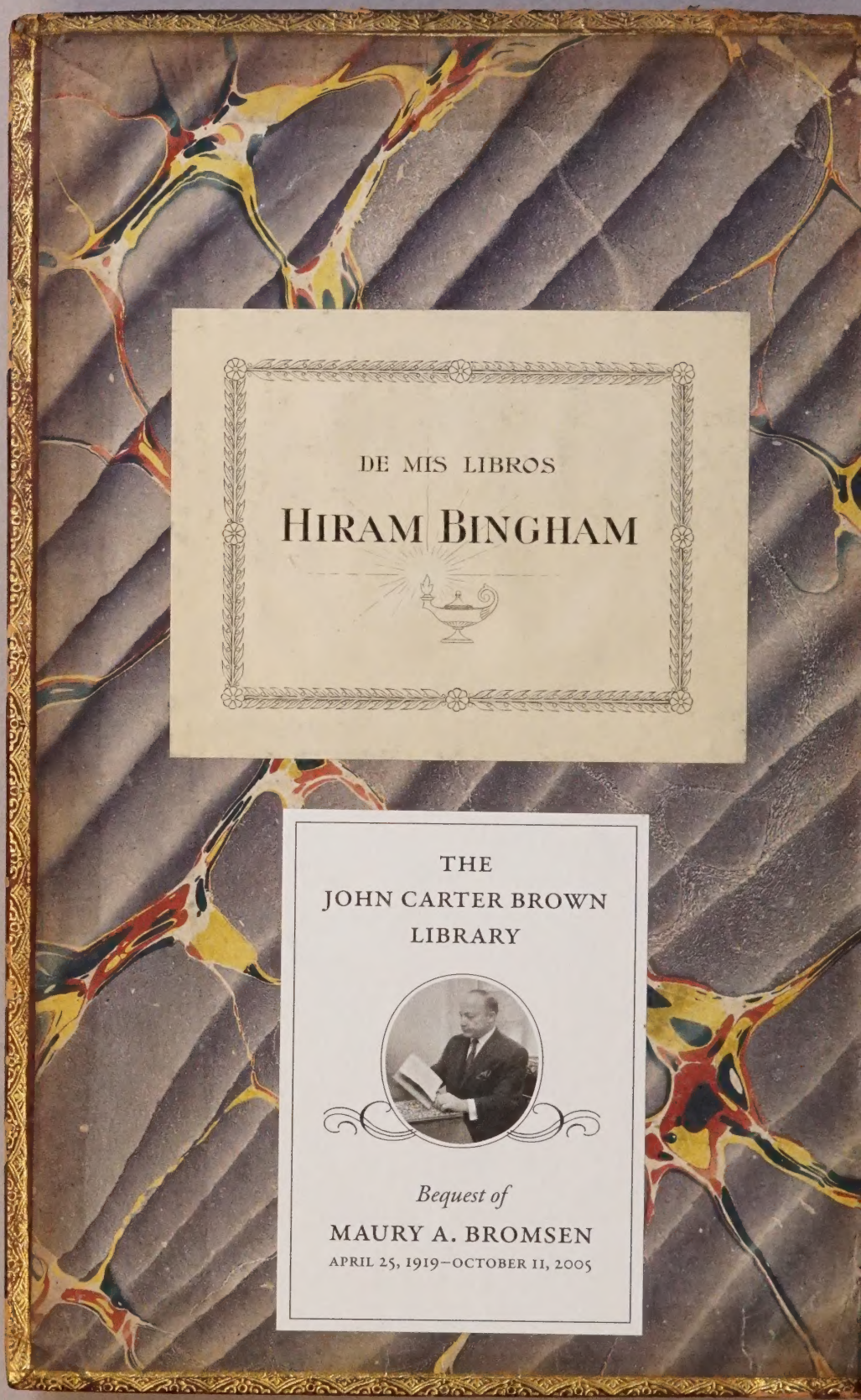
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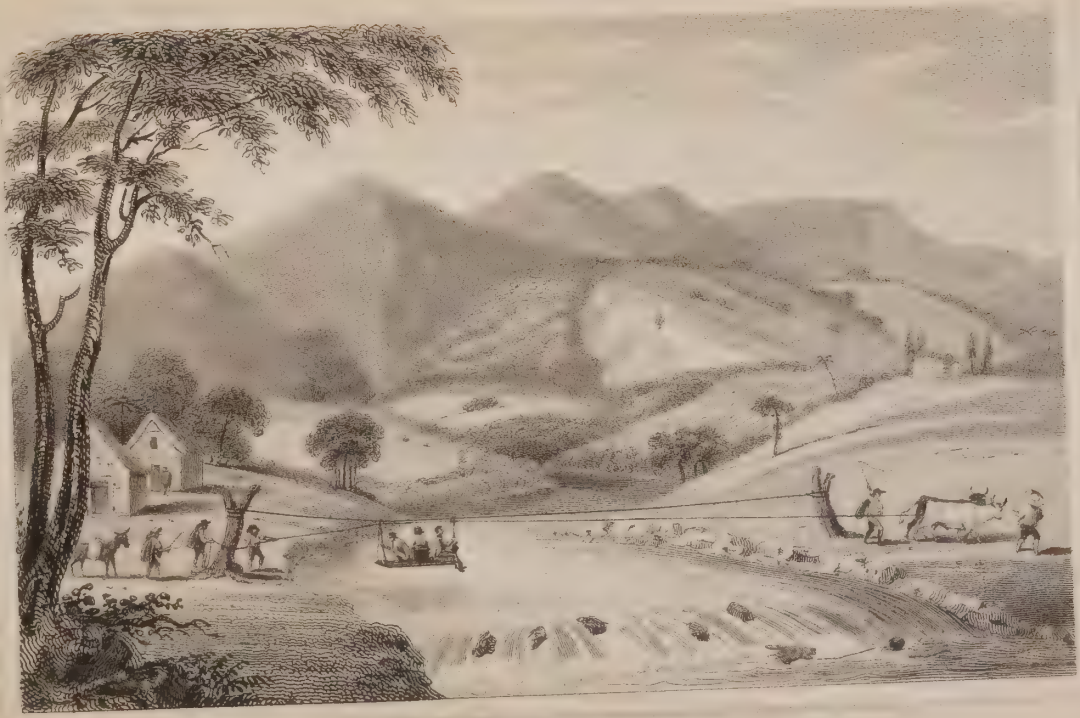

TRAVELS

THROUGH THE

INTERIOR PROVINCES

OF

COLUMBIA.

BY COLONEL J. P. HAMILTON,

LATE CHIEF COMMISSIONER FROM HIS BRITANNIC MAJESTY
TO THE REFUBLIC OF COLUMBIA.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

WITH ENGRAVINGS.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.
MDCCCXXVII.

RPJC

RPJCB

J. & C. Walker Sculpt

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TRAVELS

IN THE

PROVINCES OF COLUMBIA.

Doctor Borrero now congratulated us on our safe arrival at his native place. His father, who, as I before stated, was a Spaniard, had settled with his family in La Plata, after serving for some years as an officer in the Spanish army. Here he accumulated a large fortune; leaving at his death 80,000 dollars to be divided amongst his children, besides considerable landed property. The Doctor, who was truly generous, had contrived to get through a great deal of his share, but he still possessed large estates. Our quarters in

La Plata were very snug, and we were quite charmed with the beauty and variety of the flowers which were cultivated in the gardens; orange-trees were in great abundance, some in flower and others bearing fruit; the former extremely fragrant.

We rose early on Saturday morning, the 3rd of October, and bathed in the river of La Plata, which we found almost too cold, but exceedingly refreshing. This was a change, after having been baked for nearly a month in the plains and villages on the banks of the river Magdalena. At La Plata they cultivate rice, maize, cocoa not of the best description, plantain, &c.; and in the adjacent mountains, wheat, barley, potatoes, greens, and other European vegetables. The Indians are very numerous in this range of Cordilleras. The Doctor sent them to fish, in the night, for the pisco negro, a black fish, which is considered here like our trout in Europe.

Early in the morning, we had a plentiful supply of fish from the river La Plata. Towards noon, more fish, with poultry, vegetables, fruits, and flowers, were sent by the worthy Doctor, whose

attention to our comfort was unceasing, and I felt uncomfortable at his refusal to let me pay for those things; the only return I could make him, was a present of a dozen of old Jamaica rum before we left La Plata, which rivetted our friendship for ever. The provisions were most acceptable to us, particularly the poultry, as after leaving La Plata, we had to travel for five days, crossing the Andes, on which road scarcely any thing could be purchased. Our friend the Doctor appeared quite a little king in La Plata, and it was pleasing to see with what good will the lower classes endeavoured to meet his wishes. This day we fared sumptuously, and drank, in a bumper of punch, "success to La Plata and the family of the Borreros", which made the Doctor, in the warmth of his heart, embrace Mr. Cade and myself. The priest of the parish called on us this morning. We found him a pleasant man, and very neat in his person, and what surprised us, he never smoked. Mr. Cade and myself would willingly have remained a week longer in La Plata, had the rainy season not been

near at hand. The fruits called guamahana, granadinos, chirimoyas, graced our table after dinner; there was also another species about the size of a lemon, soft and acid.

In this country there are vast tracts of excellent land, uncultivated from want of hands. This is the climate for emigrants, who would enjoy good health, and soon become independent, by cultivating estates in this part of the province of Neyva, not very distant from the Magdalena, which would convey all their produce to the coast. The Doctor has a considerable tract of country, which he is anxious to sell to emigrants from England or Scotland, and a few thousand dollars would purchase a princely domain in these parts.

Our German servant, who was in the action fought here between the Albions, under the command of Colonel Mackintosh, and the Spaniards, gave me an account of it. The Albions marched all night over the mountains, in the hope of surprising the Spaniards in La Plata at day-light. When they arrived near the bridge, a Spanish

sentry, who was placed on the opposite side of the river from the town, challenged "quien vive", when a serjeant answered "les Ingleses", the sentry immediately discharged his musket at him, and endeavoured to escape across the bridge into the town, but he was overtaken and bayonetted. A strong Spanish guard, on hearing the sentry fire, turned out at the foot of the bridge in the town, and opened their fire on the Albions as they rushed across the bridge; here three were killed, and some wounded, but they soon carried the place by storm, killing and wounding a great number of the Spaniards, who fled in all directions towards the mountains. The field-officer who commanded the Spaniards, was wounded in the groin, but in this state he likewise escaped to the mountains, and died in the cottage of an Indian. That night he had given a gay ball in the house in which we now resided, and in the largest room the table was found covered with wines, dulces, &c., the fragments of the ball supper, which the Albions soon finished, having marched all night. The Spaniards were

about three hundred strong. The inhabitants of La Plata told me they never saw such lions as the British soldiers in action, but very humane when the fighting was over. Such accounts were highly gratifying to a countryman to hear, and they were properly appreciated by the natives of these remote provinces of the New World.

I went out with a friend of the Doctor's, and Mr. Cade, on horseback, to hunt deer, with six couples of large rough grayhounds. We found one, and had a good chase, but the deer beat the grayhounds. We had our guns with us, but could not get a shot. We saw two or three small huts in a cocoa plantation, in which the owner used to conceal himself in the evening, and at day-light to shoot the deer that came to feed on the cocoa fruit. He said he had killed twelve in the last month.

Early on Sunday morning, we took our departure from the pretty little town of La Plata, accompanied by our excellent friend the Doctor, the priest of the parish, and a few other friends. They accompanied us a couple of leagues on the

road, when we dismounted, embraced, and took leave, promising the Doctor a faithful account of our travels when we should meet at Bogotá, in February, as his duty as member of Congress would oblige him to be there at that time. Our guide was a fine old man, who had frequently crossed the Andes, and the muleteers and mules, from La Plata, were equally excellent for the performance of their respective duties, all owing to the good offices of the Doctor.

The site of the old town of La Plata, built by the Spaniards when they first conquered the country, and afterwards destroyed by the Indians, was six leagues higher up the river La Plata. We travelled the whole day on the banks of the river Pais, which dashes through its rocky bed with great rapidity, and the noise of the current is heard at a considerable distance. Many of its waterfalls are very fine, bold, and picturesque; we did not see a cottage or human being the whole day. Our ascent was now considerable, we were among the lower mountains of that branch of the Andes which sepa-

rates La Plata from Popayan; the small mule tract wound round immense mountains, with the river Pais some hundreds of feet below us. We got to a miserable Indian hut, at five in the evening, which had been deserted for some time by its copper-coloured owner. We were obliged to put up our mosquito nets, as we found a great many of our old enemies and sand-flies buzzing about us. At this place we saw, for the first time, black parrots, with yellow bills. I afterwards procured two live ones to bring home, one of which fell overboard in the passage to England, and the other arrived safely in London, but was killed by two large macaws, a few days after having finished his long journey. It is now in the possession of a friend of mine, who has a large collection of stuffed birds. The man who stuffed this parrot, told me he had only seen one black parrot before, in England, which he had sold for fifty guineas, and had mine been living he would have given me forty for it. We found the weather so cool at this place, that a blanket was no uncomfortable addition at night.

We waited some time in the morning before all the mules were collected, and I was surprised to see their necks and backs bloody, which, the muleteers told me, was caused by the large South American bat, or vampire, perforating their skin to suck the blood. In walking into a small valley, whilst the men were in search of the mules, I discovered a sugar-press, very ingeniously made by the Indians, in a small shed, and some large earthern pans to boil the sugar in. We could see no sugar plantations in the mountains, and I should have supposed the climate too cold for the cultivation of the sugar-cane.

We left this dreary spot rather late in the morning; and saw a vast number of beautiful butterflies: some of them as large as the palm of my hand;—one species had purple wings, with bright scarlet spots on them;—they were quite dazzling to the eye, when the sun shone on them. We stopped to breakfast at the small Indian village of Padrigal, and found the Indians very kind in offering us some eggs for sale. Here the Indians had a

fine bold demeanour, and none of that cringing fawning manner, which those of the plain of Bogotá assume when they meet an European or a Creole. This day we crossed over the Rio Negro, or Black River, so called from the colour of its water, by a small cane bridge, which shook in our passage, but our old guide assured us there was no danger.

At six P.M., we brought up for the night, at rather a pretty Indian village called Insas, with a neat small chapel, situated on the summit of a mountain. The place was deserted by all its inhabitants, excepting those of two cottages, in consequence of their having been so frequently plundered by the Spanish troops. Here my travelling companion, Mr. Cade, was much alarmed by a tiger-cat jumping out of an orange tree, from which he was endeavouring to gather some fruit; and to mend the matter, a covey of partridges suddenly got up near the tree, which the tiger-cat was probably watching. The sides of this mountain were very steep, and covered in all parts with fine trees and shrubs, and

at the bottom ran the small river Yuncal. The cold always increased at night, as we approached the summit of the Andes. Here we found an under alcalde, who had been sent by the Governor of Popayan to meet us, at least so he said, but I suspect the chief object of his visit was, to endeavour to persuade the inhabitants to return to their village. At all events he was of no use to us; although he professed to be able to supply all our wants, which was only a pretext for his coming. The last priest but one of this village, walked over rocks on the side of the mountain at night, and was killed on the spot.

We left Insas at seven A.M., Tuesday, and saw several flocks of green paroquets with long tails; they make a shrill noise in the air, which is heard to a great distance. The bed of our bachiano, or guide, was a sort of cloak made of rushes; this he always carried on his back, and only put on when it rained. A person covered with this rushy cloak, is well protected against the weather, as it is impervious to the rain; I had brought from

England a large cloak of superfine cloth, but, when it was soaked with rain, I found its weight rendered it not wearable. Our old guide was always on foot, and walked as nimbly as a roebuck over the mountains, with a stick about ten feet in length in his right hand. We found the road this day exceedingly bad; the mules could with difficulty keep their footing, in the very steep ascents and descents of the mountains. On several occasions we were obliged to walk, which, in large jack boots and long silver spurs, was not an agreeable exercise. The greater part of the road was covered with small logs of wood placed across it, to enable travellers to pass over the spongy and boggy parts. The surface of these logs of wood we found very slippery, particularly if there had been recent rains, and in many places the timber had worn away, or been removed, which left holes deep in mire and water;—a great annoyance to the mules as well as to the riders. We passed, this day, the first tambo, or large cane shed, made by the Government, for travellers to sleep in at night, and

towards the close of day reached the Tambo of Corales, situate in a small boggy valley, surrounded by lofty mountains, whose frowning summits overshadowed us. We, this day, passed over another small cane bridge, under which, the river Ojueos dashed its impetuous stream, and as we were now approaching the Paramo of Guanaco, or summit of this part of the Andes, the foliage of the trees became darker and less luxuriant. I observed great variety of flag-plants. We found it very chilly and cold at the Tambo of Corales, and were glad to keep up good fires during the night. The Ojueos river passed close by the Tambo, making much noise in its precipitate descent from the Paramo.

We rose early in the morning, and found some rum and a cigar most comfortable means of keeping out the cold, and were much pleased to hear our old guide predict we should have a good morning for passing the Paramo of Guanaco, as the wind was in a favourable quarter; the bishop of Popayan told me afterwards, he had been detained at this Tambo for three days and nights by

a violent wind from the NW., during which he was afraid to cross the Paramo.

The passing of these Paramos, or summits of the Andes, is a serious undertaking, particularly at unfavourable seasons of the year; many travellers lose their senses from it. General Bolivar once suffered much in passing the Paramo of Pisba, in the rainy season of 1819; and an officer at Popayan, who had been in the corps of Albions (Scotchmen), stated to me, that, in passing that Paramo, six officers and fifty-four men lost their lives;—another officer, colonel in the same corps, gave me the following description of this dreadful march over the lofty mountains of New Grenada, in 1819:

"As we approached the mountains of New Grenada, the scenery was grand and sublime beyond description; the Cordilleras first broke on our view. As we advanced, the winter became more severe, the water forced its passage from the mountains with such velocity, and the rain increased the rivers so much, that several officers and men

were carried down by the current in attempting to pass, and two unfortunate soldiers were drowned. Mules, with baggage, were repeatedly swept away by the current, leaving no wreck behind. The troops were assisted in crossing the rivers, by strong lasos, made from hides, but nothing could prevent the loss of fire-locks and ammunition. The route for the army lay over a part of the country which was almost unknown;—Bolivar had taken this line of march, in order to deceive the Spaniards. After marching fifty days, having halted only three during the period, we entered the mountain by an Indian wood, and here our British soldiers suffered dreadfully in their feet, having to march over rocks and flints without shoes or stockings, and, to add to their misfortunes, the rains were incessant. At last, we arrived at the foot of the famous Paramo of Pisba; a description of this day's march can only be given by those persons who had the good fortune to survive, and, even at this time, I think almost with horror of the melancholy scene. The native troops passed the

Paramo three days before the English; and when I passed over it, I counted the dead bodies of eighty soldiers, and might have enumerated many more, had I not lost my reckoning. Four officers and forty-four soldiers, of the corps of Albions, died by the road-side, in passing this dreadful Paramo, some of them Germans. I saw many of these unfortunate men expiring by my side, without the power of giving them the least assistance. In this situation I made several efforts to take their fire-locks from them, but found it impossible, from the firm manner in which they grasped them until life was extinct. I must observe, that we had been sixty-four hours with wet clothes on, and for the last thirty we had been unable to cook, owing to the incessant rains that fell; so that the poor soldiers, with empty stomachs and half naked, endeavoured to pass the bleak Paramo of Pisba, where continual sleet is observed, and the air so rarified as to be dangerous even to men having every comfort about them. The produce of this barren spot is confined to one kind of plant, called el fraylegon,

the same is to be found in great abundance in all Paramos, the leaves of it are remarkably soft and white, and equal in size to a large turnip-leaf, and the soldier thought himself particularly fortunate when able to get a sufficient number to form his bed."

In the crown of this plant is a sort of gum, which is made into turpentine, and has some medicinal qualities: I sent a specimen to London, and hope soon to be able to make a favourable report of this singular production. Having received at Bogotá this terrible account of the passage of the Paramo of Pisba, I was glad to hear the old guide declare we should be able to pass the Paramo of Guanaco in safety.

We left the Tambo of Corales, soon after six A.M., and after ascending for nearly three leagues, over villainous roads, frequently covered with the remains of logs of wood, we found ourselves on the Paramo of Guanaco, a large miserable plain bearing nothing but the plant called el fraylegon. On our left we saw a dull-looking lake, that one

might suppose to be filled by the river Styx, from which lake the river Ojueos has its source.

We passed the Paramo in three hours. I did not experience any unpleasant feeling, but Mr. Cade was so cold that he got off his mule to run and walk. Luckily we had very little wind, which, when high, proves fatal to many poor travellers, of which we had ocular demonstration in the several skeletons of persons lying by the side of the road. One man's skull had been placed on a large stone, with the face towards the road—I suppose as a memento mori. I desired Edle to dismount, and take it with him, and I afterwards gave it to a medical gentleman in London. The carcases and skeletons of dead mules, for two or three leagues on each side of the Paramo, were numerous. I myself counted upwards of a hundred; some that had not been long dead were most offensive from their stench, and two or three of them had fallen in such narrow defiles, that we were obliged to make our mules walk over their carcases. We found the gallinacho, or black vulture, enjoying a feast; being busily employed

on them close to the Paramo. The armies have lost a great many soldiers in passing the Paramo of Guanaco, and many of the inhabitants of the province of Neyva died there, when flying from Morillo in 1817. It is singular that there should be more danger to travellers passing the Paramos of the Andes in the summer months, viz. May, June, and July, than at any other time of the year. No one should venture to sit down during the passage; if they do, they are almost sure to become emparamados, when they die in a few minutes, sometimes in the act of eating and drinking; a sort of stupor coming suddenly over them, from which they seldom recover.

At eleven this morning, we got to the Tambo, on the southern part of the Paramo, where we remained to breakfast; all the party in excellent spirits at having passed in so favourable a time. Now we found ourselves completely in a new country, the features of it being altogether different from those on the north side of the Andes. The descent was gradual and pleasant, the road tolerably good, and,

after descending about a league, the country was covered with beautiful evergreen shrubs. Whilst rambling about until breakfast, I saw a blackbird's nest, containing one egg, in a wild juniper bush: the cock bird was sitting close to the nest, on a wild myrtle tree. The plumage of this bird was exactly the same as that I have described which breeds in the plain of Bogotá. We met at this Tambo a party of Indians, deer-hunting. We had some conversation with them: they said they came from the village of Tortoro, distant five leagues, and that they had only killed one deer, which their dogs had devoured before they could get up to secure their prey. They had twelve couples of dogs, not quite so large as grayhounds. They told us that the danta, or wild ass, black bears, red leopards, tiger-cats, deer, and foxes, are found in the forests of these mountains; and that they hunted for their livelihood; and when they had killed several deer, they preserved their flesh by salting; but I believe hunting is the chief amusement of the Indians who live in these Cordilleras. These hunters go on foot, and carry with

them several pieces of deer-skin, which they fasten round their legs and thighs, when they enter the thick part of the forest.

We got ready to start, and directed our course to the Indian village of Tortoro, which we reached in the evening, after much fatigue, having travelled nine Spanish leagues, and having been well soaked by the rain for the last two hours of our journey. We went to the house of the priest, where we found him very busy in preparing for us, having just arrived from the house of his father, an Italian, with whom he resided, which was two leagues and a half nearer the town of Popayan. His mother and sister had accompanied him to cook for us, the governor of the province of Popayan having desired the priest to make every thing as comfortable as the place would allow of, when we passed through his village. The curé was a young man, rather shy, but extremely anxious to oblige us: he told me that he was the priest of several small Indian villages in the Cordilleras, and that his flock amounted to between two and three thousand persons.

Round this village we saw bearded wheat, which we had not met with since quitting the plain of Bogotá; part of the priest's house was occupied by it, which he said he received from the Indians as tithe. The old lady and her daughter prepared a good supper for us, and Mr. Cade and myself, over our glass of punch, were in high glee at the thoughts of our getting to Popayan the next day, and of ending our labours for some time. We were to remain there during the rainy season of October and November, the roads being at that time impassable for mules. I bought at this village a curious necklace of an Indian girl, for a dollar. It was formed of small shells, pieces of silver coin, and some curious coloured stones. The girl did not, at first, like to part with it, but the curé made the bargain for me.

As we were obliged to unpack, to get out some things to make ourselves a little smart, for our entrance into the capital of the province, we did not leave Tortoro before nine in the morning, having previously returned our thanks to the priest and his family for their attention to us. I told

the former I should make a point of acquainting the Governor of Popayan of his kindness during our stay in his parish. We called on our road at the house of his father, as I wished to see him, and learn his history. It seemed rather strange for an Italian to be settled in this inland province of South America. He was not at home, we only saw his daughter, a handsome girl of eighteen, who had the true Italian features. Soon after this, we were overtaken by a violent thunder-storm, which lasted for an hour, the rain having the appearance of a sheet of water; the roads in consequence became so intolerably slippery, that neither ourselves nor mules could keep on our feet. We had therefore nothing left, but to remain quietly by the road-side until the rain was over, although, to say the truth, Mr. Cade and myself were rather chagrined that after we had taken the trouble of unpacking, the rain should completely wash away the smartness of our appearance. When the storm was over, the sun shone forth with great warmth, and as this was only the commencement of the rainy season, the

water was quickly absorbed by the parched earth. About this time a view presented itself, worthy the pencil of Claude: on our left arose the Cordilleras, which we had just passed; to the eastward of it, a day and half's journey from Popayan, the high mountain of Puraca, whose summit is always covered with snow; in our front, and on our right flank, was the extensive valley of Popayan; and at a distance of nine or ten miles, we saw the churches and large convents of the town, distinguishable, from their whiteness; and this grand scene was closed, to the south, by another range of high mountains, which separates the valley of Popayan from the province of Buenaventura, which lies on the coast of the Pacific. We remained for ten minutes, feasting our eyes on this grand scenery, which formed so strong a contrast to the gloomy view we had had before us for the two or three days previous. On the road, we met with a large party of Indians, travelling from Popayan to their village; they were the handsomest men and women I had ever seen, with a marked and particularly bold and independ-

ent air, not even touching their small cloth caps, which were blue, trimmed with scarlet, and ornamented with gold lace rather the worse for wear. In their front was an Indian, playing the tabor and pipe, to which they kept time. The men had a sort of phillibeg in front, like the Highlanders of Scotland, and carried long lances; the women were particularly well made.

When we arrived within a league and a half of Popayan, we observed a vidette placed on a height, who, on observing us, galloped back, and soon after we met the Juez Politico, some of the inhabitants, the staff of the Governor, and two or three Englishmen, officers in the Columbian service, who had come out purposely to greet our arrival. The Juez Politico addressed me in a short speech, stating how happy they were to see me in their province, and hoping that I should sojourn some time with them. The Governor, Colonel Ortega, had prepared a very large house for us, and I found a guard of honour at the place, and music playing in the court-yard. I requested the town-major to dismiss the

guard and music, taking care to give them something to drink, and retained only an orderly black corporal, to give my servants all the necessary information in the purchase of provisions, &c. General Bolivar had lived for some time in this house, when he arrived at Popayan to march against the Pastucians, in the province of Pasto. The landlord, a rich Creole, had been killed by the Columbian General Valdez, on suspicion of favouring the cause of the Spaniards. From various accounts I had of General Valdez, I cannot help considering him a great ruffian, and very deficient in military knowledge. A sub-alcalde had, by order of the governor, provided meat, poultry, fruit, bread, and wine, and vegetables for us; in short, we wanted nothing, and I may say that, at this time, we enjoyed the "hæc olim meminisse juvabit", the pleasing recollection of past labours.

We arrived at Popayan in the afternoon of Thursday, the 8th of October. Mr. Cade and myself found out, by the tremendous biting during the whole night, that our mansion was well tenanted by

fleas; in the morning we observed them hopping about our stockings by dozens. I had been told at Bogotá that the climate of Popayan exactly suited the constitution of fleas and niguas. I was recommended to take special care to have my feet often examined by one of the natives of the place, who understood how to extract the niguas, with a needle, from under the nails of the toes.

About eleven the next morning, Sir Illustrissimo Salvador Ximenes, Bishop of Popayan, attended by several of the clergy and his secretary, paid me a visit. The manners of the Bishop were remarkably pleasing, and it required no great discernment to perceive that he was a man who had lived in the world, and had acquired that polish, by mixing in society, which gains so much on the minds of persons on a first acquaintance. The Bishop kindly enquired whether we wanted any thing, and on finding we had no bedsteads, sent down two, with curtains, for my secretary and myself. He also sent us a dozen of Spanish wine, and an abundant supply of fruit, and on taking his departure, told

me that he felt an attachment to all Englishmen for their noble conduct in Spain. The Bishop was a native of Malaga, in Old Spain, when the Spanish nation was struggling against the gigantic and despotic power of Bonaparte, and concluded by saying, that he trusted we should see much of each other during my residence at Popayan. I expressed the same wish, and had the honour of kissing the Bishop's hand, according to the custom of the country. Our time was fully occupied till dinner in receiving visits from the public functionaries, military officers, and gentlemen residing in Popayan. Among the number, Mr. Mosquera, the head of the Mosquera family, and his two sons, the eldest I had known at Bogotá, as he was a senator, Mr. Hurtado, brother of the Columbian minister in this country, and Dr. Wallace, an Englishman, who was married to a Columbian lady, and had practised as a medical man at Popayan for twenty years.

The Doctor's history may be considered extraordinary, which I shall relate, as I had it from himself. About three and twenty years ago, Dr. Wallace was

a surgeon on board an English ship of war, which was cruizing off that part of the Spanish Main which now belongs to the small republic of Guatimala; the Doctor and a midshipman went on shore with a small boat's crew, to amuse themselves shooting, where they had been on a former occasion. The natives expecting another visit had armed themselves, and laid in ambuscade near the place where the English had landed before, and when the Doctor and his party had advanced a short distance into the country, the peasantry dashed forward to cut them off from the boat, and opened a heavy fire on them. There was a general scramble to get back to the boat, which had been rowed out to sea by the sailors left in charge of her. The moment the firing commenced, the Doctor got to the sea-side, and attempted to swim to the boat, but finding his strength fail him, he returned on shore and was made prisoner, together with the midshipman and two or three sailors. The Doctor was sent to Panama and thence to Guyaquil, to get a passage round Cape Horn to

Carthagena, where an exchange of prisoners generally took place.

When at Guyaquil the Doctor heard, that in the neighbourhood of the small town of Loco, distant only three days' journey thence, a considerable quantity of Jesuits' bark was collected, and he obtained permission from the Spanish government of Guyaquil to go and examine it.

When at Loco Dr. Wallace met with the famous and learned Dr. Caldas, who was residing there for the same object, and in search of other plants in the neighbourhood, but was suffering at this time from a severe attack of intermittent fever. Dr. Wallace immediately attended him, and in a short time re-established his health, and then assisted him in his botanical researches and in the arrangement of his plants. In a short time, so strong a friendship was formed between the two doctors, that Caldas prevailed on his friend to go by land to Carthagena, taking Popayan, the native place of Caldas, in his way; and as the governor of Guyaquil was a friend

of his he wrote to him, and obtained permission for Dr. Wallace to accompany him to Popayan. After our English doctor's arrival there, whilst living in the house of his friend, he was, in his turn, taken very ill, and during his illness a sister of Dr. Caldas attended him with the greatest assiduity and attention, from which circumstance a mutual attachment was formed, and the Doctor married Miss Caldas. Since that time he had lived at Popayan, practising as a medical man, and was highly esteemed by all classes of the inhabitants. Dr. Wallace had two boys and a girl, the eldest a fine young lad of eighteen, who was very desirous of visiting England.

The Doctor had had a most difficult part to act during the civil war, as Popayan had been repeatedly occupied in turn by the Spaniards and Columbians; the Spanish officers and soldiers he had been obliged to attend and find medicines gratis. The last time however the Spanish general Calzada occupied Popayan, the Doctor ascertained that he had determined to have him shot, as a republican, on which

he fled to the house of a royalist, whose health he had re-established a short time before. This gentleman concealed him in a small dark room for a month, bringing him provisions at night. The Doctor told me, he heard one day some Spanish officers, who were quartered in the house, saying to each other, "Where the devil can that rascally English Doctor be got to? Our General has sent light troops to scour all the country, and they have returned without him." Another remarked, "we shall find him, and then we will shoot the republican heretic."

The celebrated naturalist, Dr. Caldas, is most highly spoken of by the Baron de Humboldt, who considered him one of the most learned and scientific men in the ci-devant Spanish colonies. Caldas's astronomical observations and measurement of heights, made by mathematical instruments of his own construction, were found to be nearly as correct as those made by Baron de Humboldt with the best mathematical instruments of Europe, and his discoveries in his botanical and geological research-

es, this great traveller considered highly important. Caldas was a firm supporter of American Independence, which he contributed to establish by his writings. He made his knowledge of chemistry and mechanics subservient to the cause. He was the first person who taught the Columbians to make gunpowder, fire-arms, &c. Caldas was sent prisoner to Bogotá, at the time Morillo had his head quarters there, and soon after was shot in the Great Square, with many others of the most learned men of Columbia, for education was a serious crime in the estimation of Morillo, who was endeavouring to extirpate, in Venezuela and New Grenada, all men whose minds had been cultivated, knowing that ignorance and superstition were the firmest supporters of Spanish tyranny. I saw a quadrant made by Caldas. I called on the Governor, Colonel Ortega, who received me with great politeness, and was anxious to know if we were comfortable in our house. Of course I said nothing against the fleas and niguas, as they are not considered an annoyance in a place where people have

always been accustomed to them. The Governor begged my acceptance of a roana lined with thin Indian-rubber to exclude the rain, a tiger's skin, and a small curious map of the Valley of Cauca; in return, I sent him some English gunpowder and a few bottles of Jamaica rum.

On Sunday, the 10th of October, we dined with Señor J. Mosquera, where we met the Bishop of Popayan and all the great personages of the place. The dinner was sumptuous, and Mr. and Mrs. Mosquera sat at the head and bottom of the table, after the English fashion. Mr. Mosquera had been in England for a few months, and was very partial to the English, and tried to imitate their habits and customs as much as possible. Some of the Spanish wines were forty years old; but I did not much like them, they were too rich and luscious. Most of the wine drunk in this province comes from Chili, where it is made; the wine is sent by sea to Guyaquil, and then brought to Popayan on mules. The Mosquera family was reckoned the wealthiest in the province of Popayan,

and possessed large estates, numerous mines, and a great many negro slaves. Señor J. Mosquera, who was a senator, had, a few months before, married his cousin, of the same name, a very handsome young woman, a rich heiress, and particularly well informed; she possessed an extensive library, and passed much of her time in reading; her manners were elegant, and her conversation entertaining and pleasing. The next day, Señora Mosquera sent us a large quantity of preserved peaches, which were superior to any European preserves in taste and flavour. The style of building of the house was superior to any I had seen at Bogotá, and the furniture of the rooms handsome, particularly the Quito carpets. Here I saw some paintings executed by masters at Quito, they were copies of the best Italian masters, and I could not help admiring the freedom of their pencil and the colouring of the paintings. Señor Mosquera had the kindness to offer me, *in earnest*, two or three of these paintings, as he observed I admired them exceedingly.

This I declined, but requested him to write to a friend of his at Quito, to endeavour to purchase for me half a dozen paintings of the best Quitonian masters. When I afterwards saw Señor J. Mosquera at Bogotá, he informed me that he had heard from his friend at Quito, in reply to my application, that the best painter had died suddenly, and that the next best had been arrested for assassinating a man in a fit of jealousy. On hearing this, I almost regretted not having accepted one of his paintings, to have shewn in England as a specimen of the talents of the Creole painters in South America.

During my residence at Popayan, I had frequent visits from Señor Mosquera's father, a fine old gentleman of between seventy and eighty years of age, who was held in the highest estimation by every one for the excellent qualities he possessed, among which humanity and kindness of heart shone conspicuously; even the Spaniards had respected his age and virtues, although the same respect was not paid to his purse, as the different Spanish officers

who had commanded at Popayan, when they had possession of the town, had made Señor Mosquera pay in contributions about 50,000 dollars.

On the 9th and 10th of October, we passed our mornings in calling on the bishop and all the dons of the place. Some of the mansions are really very handsome in Popayan, and their fronts in the pure Grecian style of architecture. A large house was at this time building for Señor J. Mosquera, the front of which was remarkably handsome. No circumstance surprised me more than to find buildings much superior to those of Bogotá in a small town so far inland. In Popayan there are only two classes of inhabitants; a few very rich families, including the bishop and clergy, and all the rest small shopkeepers or pulperoes; consequently the houses are either large and handsome, or small dwellings with shops. A stranger suffers great inconvenience at Popayan from the want of a market: most of the poultry, fruit, and vegetables are brought to the shopkeepers by the Indians from the adjacent

mountains, who sell the articles to them, and they again have their profit on the re-sale. The Indians bring down from the mountains of Puracé, in a day or day and a half, abundance of snow, so that you have every thing well iced at a cheap rate, and there are persons going through the streets with sweet ices, of which you get a large tumbler full for five-pence. Many of the fruits are remarkably fine at Popayan, particularly the chirimoya, which attains in this climate the most delicious flavour; the taste of it is like a mixture of strawberries, cream, and sugar. The Baron de Humboldt says in his travels, "it is worth while for a traveller to go to Popayan, if it were only to eat the chirimoya." The caymato is a fruit peculiar to this province; it is in shape like a lemon, and rather sweet. We had very fine apples, oranges, large strawberries, and figs equal to those in Spain, which were sent to us by the governor, and by Señora Mosquera; we received also one of the largest pomegranates I had ever seen. The climate of Popayan is peculiarly

favourable to the production of fruits, as the thermometer of Fahrenheit is never above 76°, nor below 68°.

Probably no town in Columbia has suffered more than Popayan, during the struggle of the Columbians for their liberty. It had been occupied by the Spaniards and Patriots sixteen times respectively, and I suspect frequently plundered by friends and foes. Popayan was a place of great importance to both parties, from its situation, as the only road from Bogotá to the province of Pasto, Quito, and the south, passed through Popayan, and it is only distant four days' journey from the rich, fertile, and extensive valley of Cauca, from which the general who occupied Popayan could draw all the supplies for his army.

On the morning of the 11th of October, the Bishop of Popayan called on us, and requested we would dine with him, en famille, at his country house, about two miles from the town, on the road to the Valley of Cauca. He said he should have no one to meet us but Dr. Wallace, as he was our

countryman. We went the next day rather before three, the hour of dinner, to the Bishop's villa, who shewed us all over it, and introduced us to a Pastucian lady, whose name I forget, who had the management of his household: the lady was about forty, rather handsome, and a fine figure. The bishop told me he had lived some months at the house of this lady's husband, during the period that he waged war against the Columbians, at the head of the inhabitants of the province. There was a story current at Popayan at this time, that the lady's husband had paid a visit to the worthy bishop to demand his wife, but that Sir Illustrissimo became indignant at the request, and in his passion gave the poor man a violent kick, threatening, if he was again troublesome about his wife, he would excommunicate him. A bishop in these parts is looked up to with awe and reverence by the middling and lower classes, and when they have had the felicity of kissing his hand, they retire quite delighted with the thoughts of having got a lift towards heaven.

The bishop's family dinner shewed that the lady,

who sat next me at table, understood well the culinary art, according to the Spanish taste. Mr. Cade and I got into her good graces, by praising the different dishes, while our keen appetite proved the sincerity of our commendations. We did justice to some old Malaga wine, which was excellent; but I was amused to observe, that the bottle always made a quick countermarch to the bishop, no one venturing to taste the luscious wine excepting the dignitary and his secretary, who was a Spaniard, the lady housekeeper, Mr. Cade, and myself. The poor devils who were at dinner with us eyed the old Malaga with a covetous look, but our host seemed to be of opinion that this nectar was not a fit beverage for vulgar souls. After dinner we walked to a charming little summer-house, a few hundred yards from the house, which the bishop had recently built, and fitted up with much taste; a fine clear stream of water was murmuring close by the side, and the surrounding scenery was pretty and gay; in short, the whole was like any thing but a monk's cell. On one side of the apartment in the

summer-house was a very small window, looking up the walk that led from the house to this temple of love: when he pointed this out to me, I observed an arch waggish smile on his countenance, which, perhaps, might be thus explained. "You see, Colonel, I understand military manœuvres as well as yourself, and never allow the enemy to surprise me." The country house of the bishop was tolerably large, he had built a wing of some extent, which consisted of ground-floor apartments for young men who belonged to the College at Popayan. The bishop had purchased a considerable estate with the house, which he intended to leave at his death to the Public College of Popayan;—he was a liberal public-spirited man.

As I before stated, Sir Illustrissimo don Salvado Ximenes was a native of Malaga in Old Spain, which he had quitted early in life, and was for twenty years a priest at the town of Potosi in Upper Peru, so celebrated for its rich silver mines. He then returned to Spain, and was made Canon of the Cathedral of Malaga, his native place, which

church preferment he held when Buonaparte invaded Spain. On this occasion, the bishop became a most active military character, assuming the rank of Colonel, and by his preaching and exhortations he roused the Spanish peasantry to resist the French troops. For this spirited conduct, when Ferdinand VII. was restored to the crown of Spain, the canon of Malaga was appointed bishop of Popayan; the bishoprick at that time being worth more than 20,000 dollars per annum. In this high ecclesiastical station, the bishop found himself in South America, when the struggle was carried on with such fierceness and animosity in Venezuela between the armies of Morillo and Bolivar, but New Grenada, the provinces of Popayan, and Quito, were then in the possession of the Spaniards. When the bishop found the arms of the Columbians triumphant in all parts, he retired from Popayan to Pasto, and put himself at the head of the Pastucians, who had constantly evinced the most determined resistance to the cause of independence; in this province the bishop, attended by his present

secretary as aid-de-camp, fought for two years against the Columbians, carrying a cross in one hand and a sword in the other, and fulminating excommunications from the pulpit against all those who carried arms against him. The rugged and nearly insurmountable obstacles which the mountainous province of Pasto opposes to an invading enemy, greatly protracted the war, and these brave people defended their country until they were nearly all destroyed, and the province is, at this time, almost a desert waste. Pasto, the capital of the province, surrendered to Bolivar in June 1822, to effect which, and overcome the obstinacy of the people, he had recourse to the Bishop of Popayan, who retained great influence over the minds of these superstitious people. Bolivar found great difficulty in bringing over the bishop to the Columbian cause, and he more than once demanded his passport to return to Spain. The bishop is small in person, but well made, he has a good-natured open countenance, with lively light-gray eyes, and I should take him to be about sixty. He walks with as

much activity as a young man of five and twenty, and in conversation is very animated and full of fun. The people of Popayan call him "un hombre muy politico", and perhaps it may be doubtful whether he is a very staunch patriot, or preaches in favour of republicanism con amore. This is not of much consequence at present, as he conducts himself with great prudence and propriety, and spends the greater part of his large revenue very liberally, in charity, public establishments, and hospitality.

The bishop's secretary had formerly been a captain of dragoons in Spain; he was a tall, stout, well made, good-looking fellow, with a pair of broad shoulders like a coal-heaver, and not more than three or four and thirty years old. I heard it whispered at Popayan, that he was a great admirer and favourite with the Popayan ladies; be that as it may, he certainly was not the sort of man I should have chosen as a father-confessor for my family. I believe he was heartily tired of Columbia, and longing to get back to Spain, but his at-

tachment to the bishop was so great that he felt unwilling to leave him. We rode home from the jolly bishop's quinta, in excellent good-humour, and in the sanguine expectation of spending a few more pleasant days there during our stay at Popayan.

We found our friend, Dr. Wallace, a man full of information respecting the country; and he must have possessed consummate prudence and many friends, to have obtained the good fortune of escaping with his life, as all Englishmen were detested by the Spaniards in America, as the great instigators and supporters of the beloved Ferdinand's rebellious subjects.

On the 21st of October, we left Popayan in the morning, accompanied by the adjutant of the Governor and Dr. Wallace's son, to visit the paramo and volcano of Puracé. The elder Señor Mosquera had the kindness to lend me a very fine strong mule for this expedition, as he said we should find the roads bad and exceedingly slippery, on account of the rainy season having set in. In our

road to the Indian village of Puracé, we had, as usual, most magnificent mountain scenery, and a fine view of the Rio Vinagre, or Vinegar River, so called from its water tasting like vinegar, running through a deep narrow valley on our right. About half way from Popayan to Puracé, we saw, at a short distance from us, in a small plain, on our left, a hacienda, or estate, belonging to Señor Manuel Mosquera, the father, surrounded on all sides by mountains. The house was rather small, thatched, white-washed, and very neat, as well as the cottages and out-houses near it, and the fields regularly divided and well fenced in with hedge-rows, which gave it the appearance of a small English farm. Potatoes were planted in these fields by the Indians; the ridges were small, but regular, the whole having been cultivated with a spade.

In a large field of maize near the road, we observed an Indian watching his snares, which were set to catch the red-headed green paroquets, which are very numerous in this province, and do much mischief to the crops of corn. Just as we had ar-

rived, the Indian had taken a paroquet out of the snare, which he brought down to us, but the bird was so wild, and gave Mr. Cade so severe a bite in the finger, that we left him with the Indian to roast for his supper. The snares are made of horse-hair, and are set on the ground, with a little maize sprinkled in the centre as a bait, and the birds are generally caught by the legs. About two o'clock we arrived at the village of Puracé, which is built on a small plain, or a tongue of land, with lofty mountains in its neighbourhood to the S.E. Here we took quiet possession of the house of Francisco Figuero, the priest, who was then at another Indian village called Coconuco, distant about two leagues, to attend two Indians who were dangerously ill, and administer to their spiritual comfort. We found two young women at the cura's house, who had received orders from him to provide every thing requisite for us during our stay at Puracé, which orders we found punctually obeyed at three o'clock; and the mountain air and long ride having whetted our appetites, we did ample justice to the priest's good

cheer. After dinner we walked out with the young ladies—one of whom was very pretty—to taste the water of the Rio Vinagre, or Vinegar River, which pursues its course to the westward about half a mile from Puracé, in a small valley; the path which leads to this river was so steep and slippery, that we could scarcely keep on our legs, and Mr. Cade and Wallace attempting to assist the ladies, caused much mirth. The water of the Rio Vinagre is perfectly clear, but its flavour fully justifies the name given it. This river runs into the Cauca about four leagues to the eastward of Puracé, and in consequence of the mixing of its acid water with that of the Cauca, no fish are to be found in the latter river for several leagues below Popayan. Baron de Humboldt analyzed the water of this Rio Vinagre, and found it, I believe, to be ferruginous, nitrous, and acidulated. About a mile from the village of Puracé, there is a fine fall in this river, of which we got an excellent view a little higher up the valley; there are also two other falls above this, which we did not see. We found the

evening air very cold at Puracé; we had changed our climate, as we had ascended several thousand feet in travelling from Popayan to this village, and were not more than three leagues from the snowy summit of the Puracé Paramo.

At six next morning, we mounted our mules to visit the paramo and the volcano, having an Indian for our guide. The road was dreadfully bad, and we had not proceeded above half way, when there came on a heavy rain, which made the mountain-path so slippery, that, after going another half league, our guide declared we could proceed no further with the mules. We then made an exertion to walk in our jack-boots, but found it impracticable; the rain all the time fell in torrents, and at last, to our great mortification, we were obliged to return to Puracé without either seeing the paramo or the volcano, and we found it no easy task to retrace our steps, as our mules could not keep their legs under them for two minutes together, and we were obliged to walk the greater part of the way through mud and mire. I passed a long and dismal day

at the priest's house; the rain poured incessantly, accompanied by loud thunder and vivid lightning, which is peculiarly awful in the midst of these mountains; and, to make matters worse, I could not find a single book in the curé's house, excepting a Latin bible and one or two theological tracts in Latin. It reminded me of being in the same melancholy situation twenty years since, at a small inn at Lampeter, in South Wales, where I was staying for grouse-shooting in the adjacent mountains. The rain continued every day for a week, and the only book I could procure, was "Hervey's Meditations among the Tombs", which, with the bad weather, gave a pressing invitation to the blue devils. Young Wallace and Mr. Cade passed their time very merrily; the former played well on the Spanish guitar, and they footed it away with the priest's nieces, I believe, till near two in the morning, surrounded by admiring Indians. The population of Puracé amounted to about 700, all pure Indian blood. The cottages and gardens were clean and neat, the latter regularly laid out, and well

fenced. Puracé was altogether the nicest Indian village I had seen in Columbia, which, I believe, was in great measure owing to the good qualities of the priest, who took a lively interest in the welfare of his copper-coloured parishioners, and did not exact too much money from these poor people. The chapel was also neat, being tiled and the outside white-washed. The two livings of Puracé and Coconuco were worth about 800 dollars per annum, an ample income in these retired mountains, besides the advantage of a number of good things in the way of presents, always sent by the superstitious Indians to these Padres. We found the kitchen full of guinea-pigs, running about in all directions; on the last day we had a fat one roasted for dinner, it looked so exactly like a rat I was not tempted to touch it.

On our road to Puracé, we saw several Indian huts on rocks and precipices that appeared inaccessible; they delight to live in these gloomy and solitary situations; their huts are small, and very often full of smoke, as they have only a small hole in the roof, by which the smoke can escape. The fences

round their fields are formed of " el lechero", or the milk tree; it derives its name from a liquid of that colour oozing out of it when you break a branch. The liquid is a sharp caustic; the stakes are planted about six feet in height, and throw out young shoots like the osier, and, when pruned, frequently become very thick, and make an excellent fence. The Indians cultivate wheat, potatoes, Indian corn of two or three sorts, the yuca root, from the flour of which nice cakes are made, and other vegetables. In the mountains there is good herbage for horses, mules, sheep, and goats, and in the small valleys the pasturage is still better. The Indians who reside in these cordilleras, generally enjoy excellent health, the climate is cool, the water very pure, and for seven months in the year, the sun smiles on them every day. In the wet season, which unfortunately had now commenced, a residence in the mountains is not desirable; but these rains fertilize the soil, and the labour of the cultivator is usually rewarded by an abundant crop. The Indian rises at three o'clock in the morning, takes boiled pota-

toes, a maize cake, and a little milk for his breakfast, and from four in the morning until the evening, he will work in his fields without any food, only chewing the leaf of the coca, or betel, which is as refreshing to them as tobacco to an English sailor. The Indians have a great affection for man's most faithful companion, the dog. You generally see two or three round their huts. They breed a great deal of poultry, and two or three fat pigs are almost always tenants of their styes. I found these tribes of a serious turn, seldom smiling, and very taciturn, but uniformly good-tempered and civil, and anxious to oblige us. Drunkenness is their great vice; they indulge freely in spirits whenever they can get it; in this state they are frequently noisy and troublesome. Their eyes are generally large, fine, and remarkably full of expression; and I have seen some of their women not only pretty, but formed in Nature's fairest mould.

We left Puracé on Saturday, at half-past six A.M., and arrived at the country-house of Colonel Tomaso C. Mosquera, in two hours. The colonel

was brother of the senator, and governor of the province of Buenaventura, which borders on the Pacific Ocean. He received us with great frankness and cordiality, and introduced us to his lady and her sister, both elegant young women. The quinta was built in an extensive vale, about a mile from Coconuco; Colonel Mosquera, who was fond of agriculture, cultivated a large portion of the land. In descending some steep hills towards the house, we observed a flock of about 1000 small mountain sheep, which were feeding on a good short herbage. These hills had the appearance of our Sussex South Downs. The wool of these sheep is manufactured by the Indians into coarse cloths, roanas, and flannel, and we afterwards found, at the colonel's table, that the mutton was excellent, and of a high venison flavour. Colonel Mosquera told us, that the estate had been granted by Ximines de Quesada, the conqueror of all this part of America, to a Spanish marquis; that it was seven Spanish leagues in circumference, including some of the mountains. The estate had been afterwards

purchased by his maternal grandfather, from the Spanish government, when the Jesuits were expelled from the Spanish colonies; and that he supposed it was not worth more than 20,000 dollars*, including slaves, stock, the thousand sheep, buildings, &c. I was surprised to hear this, for I had no conception that land, cattle, and slaves, could be had so cheap, and this place might be considered a comfortable country residence in any part of the world.

Colonel Mosquera had his face bound up, in consequence of a severe wound he had received from a musket-ball, which entered his mouth, carried away two of his teeth, and passed out at his cheek, as he was in the act of cheering his men and leading them on against the troop of the famous Indian Guerilla, Colonel Aqualonga, who had carried on a depredatory warfare in Pasto for three or four years. On this occasion, he had made a desparate attack on Barbacoas, in the province of Buenaventura, in the hope of getting possession of the gold collected from the adjacent mines, and of a considerable sum of money

* Twenty thousand dollars is about £5,000.

which was there, to be sent immediately to Bolivar, in Peru, for the payment of his army.

Colonel Mosquera stated, that having received information that Aqualonga meditated an attack on the town of Barbacoas, which is situated on the right bank of the river Falcombe, he hastened there to make preparations for defending the place, and to inspire, by his presence, the small number of troops stationed there with courage. Barbacoas is a small town, and the valley of Pater, in which it is situated, is considered one of the most unhealthy in Columbia; a stranger, travelling from other provinces, can seldom cross it without getting a severe intermittent fever. The day the colonel arrived at Barbacoas, he received information that Aqualonga intended attacking the town at day-light the next morning, and that for this purpose he had collected several large canoes to convey his troops down the river. The colonel removed his quarters in the middle of the night, with great secrecy and precaution, to a large square house, in the walls of which he had holes made for the soldiers to fire

through, and took off the thatched roof to prevent the enemy setting fire to the building. All the artillery consisted of one small mountain field-piece; five artillery-men, forty soldiers, and a few of the inhabitants of the place composed the garrison of this little fort, who were all determined to make a desperate defence, being well aware they should receive no quarter from Aqualonga if they surrendered.

At break of day, as was expected, Aqualonga came down in canoes to attack the town, and on his way had been joined by 200 negro slaves, who had run away from the gold mines, and were in hopes of coming in for a share of the expected plunder at the taking of Barbacoas. They first made a furious attack on the house which Colonel Mosquera had quitted in the night; Aqualonga had been informed, by his spies, of the colonel's being stationed there. On finding out his mistake, he instantly attacked the square house, where they met with a warm and spirited resistance, and the post was defended with great bravery; the colonel setting his

small garrison an example of coolness and intrepidity, and by their steady fire, they killed and wounded so many of the enemy, that Aqualonga was obliged to order his troops to retire. As soon as the colonel observed this movement, he gallantly sallied forth at the head of his men to annoy the enemy in their retreat; and it was in this sally that he received a musket-ball in his mouth, from a Pastuchian, who turned round, when retreating, and deliberately took aim at him. A Columbian officer, a Spaniard, on seeing the colonel, as he supposed, mortally wounded, deserted to Aqualonga and gave him information of this circumstance, who instantly renewed the attack on the house, at the same time setting fire to all the dwellings round the little fortress. Colonel Mosquera, although so severely wounded, exhorted his men to do their duty, and they succeeded in beating off Aqualonga a second time, who left 100 men dead in the square in front of the house. This second retreat came most apropos for the brave little garrison, as they had nearly expended all their ammunition. On

the side of Colonel Mosquera there were ten men killed and a few wounded. After the victory, the gallant colonel's situation was far from enviable, as he was surrounded by smoking ruins, severely wounded, and without a medical man to dress his wound or those of his soldiers.

Nearly three weeks elapsed, before Mr. Welsh, an English surgeon, arrived from Popayan to examine Mosquera's wound, which he found in a dreadful state, although a priest had applied fomentations, and extracted two or three small bits of bone. However, the Colonel's excellent constitution got the better of his wounds, and he was now able to converse, but found some difficulty in masticating his food.

Aqualonga was taken prisoner with a few of his followers by a detachment of the regiment of Cauca, a day or two after the attack on Barbacoas on the river Patia, and was afterwards shot at Popayan. He had not recovered from a wound in his leg at the time of his attacking Barbacoas. A Spanish colonel who had accompanied him in

the attack, died of his wounds in the woods, which was the fate of most of the wounded. The Indian colonel, Aqualonga, had risen to the command of the Pastucians solely by his bravery, activity, enterprising spirit, and knowledge of carrying on a mountain warfare against the Columbians, and as a reward for his services, the Court of Spain gave him the commission of colonel, the uniform of which he wore on particular occasions. Few men had shown the same constancy, perseverance, and zeal, in fighting for the cause of the King of Spain ; and he had espoused this party from a thorough conviction that he was fighting for his lawful sovereign, and for the established religion of his country.

I heard that Aqualonga had occasionally displayed much generosity and humanity towards his prisoners, and that he frequently checked the ferocious dispositions of his soldiers, who were mountaineers, Indians, and runaway negroes from the mines of the South of Columbia. When Aqualonga was brought prisoner to Popayan, a large crowd collected to gaze on an Indian who had been

the terror of the country for several years; and one man observing his person, which was short, and his features, which were thick and ugly, exclaimed, "Is that the ugly little fellow that has alarmed us so long?" "Yes," replied Aqualonga, darting a fierce look at him from his large black eyes, "in this small body is the heart of a giant." When he was condemned to be shot, he requested of the governor of Popayan that he might be allowed to die in his colonel's uniform, which request was kindly granted to him; and just before he was shot, he said, if he had twenty lives, he was ready to sacrifice them all for his religion and the King of Spain. A man possessing so much courage, so much energy of mind, and such fidelity to the cause for which he at last died, cannot be too much admired, and proves that great men are to be found among the Aborigines of America.

The attack of Barbacoas was the last struggle of the Pastucians for the cause of the Beloved Ferdinand; and if they had succeeded at this place, they hoped that the negro slaves in the gold mines of

the provinces of Buenaventura and Choco would rise in some thousands, and it was then their intention to have attacked Quito, and have made a diversion in favour of the Spaniards in Peru.

At three in the afternoon of the day, we arrived at Colonel Mosquera's quinta: we went to see a singular phænomenon of nature called the boiling water, about a league from the governor's house. The road to this hot spring was very bad and slippery, and we had also some difficulty in crossing the small river Coconuco, which, from the recent heavy rains, had become quite a torrent, and almost carried our mules off their legs. The beds of these rivers are most uneven and rugged, from the large rocks and stones that are continually washed down from the mountains in the rainy season. The Indians are sometimes drowned in attempting to cross the mountain torrents, for swimming is of little avail where the water rushes down with irresistible force, carrying every thing before it. The aperture from which the boiling water gushes up is about three feet in diameter; it is encrusted with brim-

stone all round its brink, rather of a light colour, of which we broke off several pieces and carried them away. The hot spring bubbles up just like a pot which boils; I put my finger into it once, but took care not to do so a second time. Mr. Cade boiled an egg in it for three minutes and a half, and it was rather hard in that time. The learned Caldas analysed this spring, and found it composed of sulphur and salt, and when the water is exposed some time to the sun, the sulphur evaporates and leaves good white salt. This spring is in a narrow valley, the sides of which are so steep that we were obliged to dismount from our mules, and slide down as well as we could, the path being extremely greasy.

On our return, Colonel Mosquera introduced us to the lineal descendant of the Caciques of Coconuco before the conquest of the country by the Spaniards. He was a fine stout man about forty years of age, with an aquiline nose and large black eyes. This family had resided on the same farm ever since the conquest, and was held in much ve-

neration by the Indians of Coconuco, and the Colonel spoke much in praise of this Indian royal family. They gave the descendants of the Caciques the title of Don, and they paid no capitation-tax under the Spanish Government. Our dinner was served on handsome china, and the colonel and his lady sat at the opposite ends of the table after the English fashion, which custom his brother the senator was introducing at Popayan. Our host regretted much that we should have paid him a visit in the rainy season, as he had a small pack of deer hounds, and could have given us some good hunting, but in the state of the country it was impossible to ride. We saw at the colonel's quinta several of the lama, which are used by the Indians in Upper Peru to carry small burthens, and may be called the camel or dromedary of that country. They were very tame and handsome in their appearance, walking in a stately manner. Mr. Cade teazed the old female lama, and made her spit at him.

In a conversation I had with Colonel Mosquera respecting the province of Buenaventura, of

which he was governor, he said, that there were a great many venomous snakes in the woods and savannahs, and one particularly bold and dreaded by the inhabitants, called the guascaina, which frequently attains the length of nine or ten feet, and nine inches in diameter. The guascaina has the power of raising itself upright, by the aid of two fangs, which he has below the head, and in this position he waits for his prey near the roads and paths, darting with great velocity on any thing that passes. A negro who was just married, and had been dancing the whole night at his wedding, went, early in the morning, a short distance into the wood, when suddenly the people in the house were alarmed by hearing him shriek dreadfully. On going to the spot, they found a large guascaina snake had seized him by the neck. They attacked the guascaina with their manchettes, and killed him, but the poor negro died of the wounds inflicted by this venomous creature. Another negro of that province had displayed considerable strength and courage when attacked by one of these snakes. He seized

him round the neck with both his hands and prevented the monster biting him, roaring loudly for assistance to some of his companions, who were at no great distance cutting wood. Some of them ran with their long knives, and soon ended the contest, and the negro, by his wonderful presence of mind, escaped being bitten. These anecdotes were related to me by Colonel Mosquera, who added, that in travelling over the mountains from the port of Buenaventura to Calli, by a road that is seldom traversed, owing to its dangerous passes, they killed twenty snakes of different species and sizes, and two or three of the black hunting snake, two of the aques, and three of the coral, or orange and black spotted snake. The large spotted panther is found in the province of Buenaventura. Colonel Mosquera begged my acceptance of a blow-pipe, with several small poisoned arrows, not more than eight inches in length, which had been given him by an Indian chief in the province of Buenaventura. The arrows are poisoned with a moisture which exudes from the back of a small green frog found

in the provinces of Buenaventura and Choco. When the Indians want to get this poison from the frog, they put him near a small fire, and the moisture soon appears on his back, in which they dip the points of the small arrows, and so subtle is this poison, that a jaquar or panther whose blood is touched by one of these poisoned arrows, soon becomes convulsed and dies. But in hunting the tiger, panther, bear, wild boar, &c. the Indians make use of larger arrows with the blow-pipe, and also carry with them the bow and arrow and long spears. The arrows are always poisoned; a little cotton is put neatly round the lower end of the arrow, in lieu of feathers, to make it go steadily through the air, and about an inch of the point is spiral.

Colonel Mosquera told me that the Indians had only a faint idea of religion, but still their minds were impressed with the belief that a good deity resided in the heavens, and a bad one below the earth.

As there was no chance of improvement in the weather, and as the roads would be getting worse

each day, we took leave of the gallant colonel's family the following morning, and mounted our mules to return to Popayan; the colonel and his brother accompanied us for a couple of leagues; when we bade adieu to these polite and hospitable gentlemen, regretting, on both sides, that we had seen so little of each other. Our journey back to Popayan was most disagreeable, as it rained in torrents nearly the whole way, and our mules, from the exceeding slippery state of the roads, were on their sides or haunches every minute, and we were all heartily rejoiced when we arrived at Popayan in the afternoon. We received, the next morning, a visit from the bishop of Popayan, who fixed on the Sunday for our dining with him in state, at his palace, on which occasion he told me all the distinguished characters of the place should be invited. The bishop was as usual very kind, and endeavoured to find out if we wanted any thing, and said he should be extremely angry if we applied to any other person. We had also frequent morning visits from Dr. Wallace. I generally called on

him every day, and frequently found him employed in giving advice and medicine gratis to the poor of the town and neighbourhood. The doctor one day told me, he had not tasted roast beef or plum-pudding for above twenty years. On hearing this, I invited him and his son to come and dine with us in a scrambling way, as we had but a small canteen for two persons, and promised that he should have roast beef and a plum-pudding dressed by an English cook, if we could manage to get raisins. These the doctor engaged to procure, the pudding was made, and would not have disgraced any English table on a Christmas-day, and I never saw a man enjoy his dinner more than our friend the doctor; he said, he never expected to have partaken of these good things again. The cook contrived to roast the beef very well by means of a string. I had the pleasure of the doctor's company, with his son's, several times during our residence at Popayan, and always took care to have a large plum-pudding on the table. At last the doctor got the receipt for making this delicacy from Edle; he made sad com-

plaints that his wife would interfere, and that the manufacture was any thing but an English plum-pudding. However, one morning the doctor called on me highly delighted, having made the experiment by himself the day before, and succeeded to admiration. The doctor added, "I had much difficulty in preventing that old busy devil of a wife of mine from again spoiling my pudding." Englishmen, who have lived for four and twenty years amongst foreigners, know how to appreciate the good things which John Bull thinks little of, being accustomed to see them in England every day of his life.

In this province, and in that of Timara, the storax, called by the Spaniards "estoraque", is found; this is an odoriferous substance exuding from a tree of common growth in these provinces. The nuns of Popayan make a variety of birds and animals with this resinous substance, in the formation and execution of which they display much taste. Their artificial flowers of shells and muslin, are also very beautiful, a selection of which I purchased. Some of

the Pastucian wooden bowls are to be admired for the elegance of the birds and flowers painted on them and highly varnished, but are not equal to those manufactured at Timara. It is rather difficult to procure them at present, as almost all the Pastucian workmen in this line have been either killed or have abandoned the country.

On Sunday we went at four o'clock, to dine with the bishop, where we met all the personages of rank of the place, ecclesiastical, civil, and military, assembled together to partake of the good things of Sir Illustrissimo. Suffice it to say, that all the guests were feasted with choice delicacies from various quarters both far and near. The priests of the different towns and villages in the bishoprick make a point of sending, as presents to their bishop, any thing particularly choice which can be procured in their respective neighbourhoods; and the range to forage over for these good things is very wide, as the bishoprick extends over the provinces of Popayan, Buenaventura, Choco, and Antioquia. The fête was worthy of the ge-

nerous hospitality of the bishop, and notwithstanding the presents, must have been got up at a great expense. There were fish and fruits which I had never seen before, sent from the valley of Cauca, and all these choice bits were plentifully moistened by the bishop's old Malaga and several other sorts of Spanish wines; and on this grand occasion the bottles made a wider circuit than when we dined at the bishop's country-house. At eight o'clock we took leave of our host; and Mr. Cade declared he was the pleasantest bishop he had ever met in his travels. I found his secretary, the ci-devant captain of Spanish dragoons, improve much on acquaintance; he was jocose and full of humour, and passed the wine quickly, observing, that the English dearly loved a good glass of wine, while it required no great penetration to discover that he was no practical friend to abstinence and fasting.

The palace of the bishop was not large, but well furnished. It had suffered much, and been plundered during the bishop's absence in Pasto, when

he was fighting at the head of the Pastucians in the cause in Spain. The ornaments in the private chapel were chaste, and not overloaded with tawdry gilded saints and bad paintings. There was a large corridor round the ground buildings, and two wings of these buildings were appropriated to a public school for boys, to whom the bishop devoted a great part of his time, and in the progress of whose studies he took much interest.

October 23rd. Colonel Ortega, the governor, called on me, and said he should have much pleasure in shewing me the National School of Popayan, on the Lancasterian system, which offer I gladly accepted for myself and Mr. Cade. We found the boys, about 120 in number, dressed in a neat plain uniform, looking healthy and well. The movements of each class were performed by the ringing of a small bell, or the shrill note of a whistle like a boatswain's on board a man-of-war, which each captain of a class used, and all these movements were performed with the regularity and precision of an English battalion of the line. Some of the boys

were examined before us in arithmetic, mathematics, and reading, by their captains, and their performance in these different branches of study was highly creditable. The school-room was large, well white-washed, and clean in every part. Twelve Indian boys were at one time sent to this school to be educated, but remained only a short time, the confinement being too great for them, and they returned to their mountains. I saw no negroes among the boys, the reason of which I could not ascertain. Colonel Ortega was much pleased with the eulogiums we bestowed on this public seminary, which was certainly the best regulated I had seen in Columbia. The governor frequently visited this school, and observed to me that he looked to education as the only means of recovering from barbarism the lower orders in Columbia.

We also visited the Government mint at Popayan, and saw the workmen go through the whole process of coining; all the machinery is very antiquated, being the same which the Spaniards had used ever since the conquest of the country. The

Government was, at this time, building a new mint, and intended to adopt a new system of coining, both at this place and at Bogotá. The master of the mint was a well bred old man, who had married a Spanish lady, sister of Count O'Donnel who formerly commanded an army in Spain. On this occasion they made a plentiful display of doubloons, but as a great deal of the gold collected from the mines of the southern provinces is sent to be coined here, paying a fifth of the value to Government, I could not draw an inference from this show of money that the finances of the province were in a flourishing state.

This morning we paid a visit to a respectable merchant of the town, and were much surprised to find his brother playing on a fine toned piano-forte of Broadwood's, which he said was the only one in the town, and had cost him at least 1200 Spanish dollars. It had been brought from England to Guyaquil, and was then sent in a small coaster to Buenaventura, whence it had been carried on the backs of negroes over the mountains to

Popayan. This gentleman was a native of Chili, but having married a Popayan lady had established himself as a merchant in the place.

We were now very comfortably settled at Popayan for the rainy season; the rain generally came on about four in the afternoon, and lasted until daylight in the morning, when a fine bright sun, unobscured by a single cloud, made every thing look gay and cheerful, and a walk before breakfast was particularly pleasant, when the air was scented with a thousand delicious perfumes from the wild shrubs and flowers which grow most luxuriantly on the hills close to the town. We certainly had not much merit in early rising, as a multitude of fleas were our constant tormentors all night, and these lively companions allowed us but little rest. The niguas were also very troublesome in perforating our toes, and two or three times a week we had them extracted with a needle by a half Indian lad named Joaquin, who is now living with me in England. This boy was very expert in taking out these little insects from under the nails. A sensation of itching

at the toe soon gives notice that the nigua has penetrated the skin, and on looking close to the part you see a small white substance under the nail. To get this out without breaking is rather a difficult operation, but Joaquin seldom failed, and the nigua buried in the middle of its eggs, for this is the white substance, has when extracted the appearance of a small pearl. Burnt tobacco ashes are rubbed in the wound, and in two or three days the hole closes. Should this abominable insect be allowed to remain for any time in the toes, the eggs would hatch, and the niguas increase so fast they would soon eat away the fleshy part of the toe, and perhaps bring on mortification. I was told that many of the Spanish soldiers of Morillo's army lost their lives from mortification, and that others were compelled to have their feet amputated from neglecting to extract the nigua. The exertion of walking on the pavement was very painful the day the niguas were taken out. These insects are so small that you can never see them on your stockings.

When we had been about a month at Popayán,

on my return one morning from an early walk I was accosted by an elderly gentleman, who enquired if I were Colonel Hamilton. Having been answered in the affirmative, he requested a few minutes' conversation on a subject of considerable importance. I conducted the gentleman up stairs, when he informed me with a very serious countenance that Mr. Cade had been too assiduous in his attentions to a very pretty young pulpera, or shopkeeper, who lived a few doors from us. I replied that I never interfered in affairs of gallantry. He then stated, that the young woman was married, and that he had sent her husband to sell dry goods for him at Calli and Bonga in the Valley of Cauca, and that the husband, during his absence, had committed his wife to his charge, and that he hoped I would forbid Mr. Cade's visiting her; we then parted.

A few days afterwards, I observed that the young pulpera was removed from her shop with all its contents, and to my surprise discovered that the young girl was not married, but was the mistress of the

amorous old merchant, which at once explained the motives for the gentleman's great anxiety about the young shopkeeper.

This young pulpera was the handsomest and best made girl of her class that I had seen at Popayan, with fine large black eyes, and a set of teeth white as ivory, which showed she did not follow the fashion of smoking, like most of the women in her situation of life.

Nov. 8. Received a visit from the bishop early in the morning, who mentioned that he was going to call on the lady abbess of the order of El Carmen, the Carmelite order, which convent was nearly opposite to our house, and politely offered to take me with him, observing that the garden belonging to the convent was well worth seeing, and the orange-trees large and fine. He then turned round to Mr. Cade, and said with a smile, that he was rather too young to be admitted into a nunnery of so strict and severe an order as that of El Carmen. Perhaps for the first time in his life, my secretary would have preferred being a few years older.

On our arrival at the convent gate, the bishop sent for the lady abbess, and told her through the locatoire who I was, and that he wished to shew me the convent garden; when she immediately sent for the keys of the great entrance door, of which there are two, one kept by the lady abbess, and the other by one of the senior nuns, which open different locks. The moment the gate was opened a small bell rang, which was the signal for all the nuns to retire to their cells, that they might not be seen, agreeably to the rules of their order. The lady abbess also retired, and left me alone with the bishop. We walked round the garden, which was kept very neat and nice, with rows of large orange-trees round it, and at short intervals under the trees small benches were placed for the nuns to sit on, and indulge in their melancholy reflections, probably often regretting they had been prevailed on to perform such severe penance for their lives as the order of El Carmen enjoins. The garden was full of beautiful flowers, which the nuns cultivated for their amusement. We walked from the garden

to the refectory: the cloth was laid, and I saw some pieces of dark-coloured bread on the table. At the head of it was placed a human skull. Perhaps at some of our civic feasts, it might be well for the guests if a skull graced the top and bottom of the table; it might prevent some of them taking their third bason of turtle soup, lest apoplexy should transform their plump rosy cheeks into such an unsightly object. The bishop regretted that he could not shew me the whole convent, no man having admittance inside, but himself and a medical gentleman to attend the nuns when they were ill. Just as we were going from the convent, the lady abbess came to take leave of us, and for a moment raised her black veil. I should say that she had been in her younger days handsome, having good eyes and regular features; she appeared about fifty. She kissed the bishop's hand. The bishop afterwards told me that she had been twenty years in the nunnery; that she belonged to one of the first families of Calli, and was a pious good woman. This convent had been very rich in lands, mines,

and ready money, previous to the breaking out of the civil war. One Spanish governor of the province carried off to Quito 200,000 dollars, which they never recovered. Every Friday the nuns of El Carmen discipline themselves; and from their bad living and constant fasting, most of them are in a feeble state of health, although some of the number have attained a great age. They are dressed in black, and if I may judge from the constant ringing of the bell, I should say they were praying night and day.

When I told Mosquera that I had been in the convent garden, he was quite astonished, never having heard of any man but the medical attendant being admitted within the walls, and remarked it was a proof of the bishop's wish to shew me every kind of civility.

We called the next morning on our friend Dr. Wallace, and found him looking at a horse which an Indian had brought from his farm, where he kept him at grass. The doctor related an anecdote of this Indian, as a proof of his attachment to him. When the Spaniards had possession of

Popayan, they found out that Dr. Wallace had a good horse at grass, under the care of this Indian, which they sent a serjeant and party to seize for the use of the cavalry; but on searching all over the Indian's farm they were unable to find it. On this they went to his hut, and accused him of having concealed the animal, which he stoutly denied; they tied him up to a tree and gave him 100 coups de baton to make him confess where it was, but the Indian still persisting in his first story, they left him, believing it was not on the farm. This faithful Indian suspecting that the Spaniards would take the horse away, concealed him every day in a cave in a small wood, and at night turned him out to grass, but when the Spaniards were driven out of Popayan, delivered him to the doctor. This story of course opened all our purses. The Indian was a fine stout-looking man with large features and good open countenance. He had a wife and two or three children, and was in comfortable circumstances.

The Indians make good servants when once they form an attachment for the family. Dr. Wallace

had an Indian girl who had been seventeen years in his service, and was particularly fond of his children. She was rather fat in her person, but her countenance and complexion quite Indian. I had her portrait taken by a native artist of Popayan in her Indian gala dress; it was well done, very like the girl, and did credit to the talents of the man, who had taught himself drawing.

I was anxious to get an Indian boy from the mountains to bring to England as a servant, and Colonel Mosquera and the priest of Curacé endeavoured to get one. They thought they had succeeded, having found a boy of seven years old, who had neither father nor mother, and was then living with his grandfather. The colonel had him brought to the village of Coconuco, intending to send him to me at Popayan, by the first opportunity, but before this could be effected, he contrived to escape into the mountains, and could not be heard of. The Indians delight in the solitude of their mountains, and have an aversion from a regular life in large towns.

With all my exertions, backed by the bishop, I was unable to get an Indian boy. A great many of the Indians come to Popayan with their families, to be hired to work on the estates of the Mosquera and Arboleda families in the plains. The men earn ninepence per day, and after remaining for six weeks or two months, return to their huts in the mountains.

I saw at Dr. Wallace's, in large hollow canes, a quantity of the resina elastica, or Indian-rubber in its liquid state. It had the appearance of cream, though rather darker in colour. The Indians frequently brought the liquid in canes to Popayan from the adjacent forests, where it is obtained by tapping a tree containing the fluid. The doctor's eldest son had blown bladders of a considerable size from this fluid, which were so light and buoyant as when thrown up to remain suspended a short time in the air. The roanas and other parts of men's dress are lined with this Indian-rubber, which renders them impervious to the rain. The doctor had also made many experiments with the Pitoyan bark,

which he considered of a finer quality in medicine than the Jesuits' bark, which is procured in the neighbourhood of Loco, on the frontiers of Peru, near Guyaquil.

The mountains of Pitoyan, where this bark is in great abundance, are three days' journey to the west of Popayan. When the Spaniards had possession of the country, the government monopolized the bark, but at present, I believe, no one is restricted from procuring it; and as the exportation of this drug has been found an unprofitable speculation from the distance and difficulty of land-carriage, very little of it is made use of, excepting for the inhabitants of the adjacent provinces in cases of intermittent fevers. Dr. Wallace gave me some of the extract of the Pitoyan bark to take, should any of us be attacked by fever in passing through the valley of Cauca and over the province of Mariquita.

Nov. 17th. We received this day the information that a young Popayan merchant, who had left the town eight days before with several mules laden with dry goods, English linens and cottons,

on his way to Quito, had been murdered by a party of Pastucians at a house where he slept. The merchant had left Popayan in company with several Pastucians, and an escort of a non-commissioned officer and seven soldiers, and had in cash 6 or 7000 dollars belonging to Mr. Arboleda of Popayan, which, it was conjectured, the Pastucians had by some means discovered. On arriving at a small house in a very solitary situation, the Pastucians pretended their mules were tired, and prevailed on the unfortunate merchant to remain at this place for the night, contrary to his wish, as he was anxious to have proceeded farther. It was supposed that one or two of the Pastucians left the house in the night to give information to the robbers in the neighbourhood, who attacked the party, took the soldiers by surprise, who immediately fled into the woods, leaving the poor merchant to be butchered by these miscreants.

The Pastucians are a brave people, but very treacherous; so much so, that latterly the Columbian government had only trusted to keeping the

province in subjection by having a considerable military force always stationed at Pasto, under one of their most active officers, as it was found useless to enter into treaties with a people who, on the first favourable opportunity, were ready to take up arms and violate them. On one occasion, in the beginning of the war, the officers of the flank company of the regiment of Cauca were invited to a dinner by the Pastucian officers in their lines, two leagues distant. The Columbian officers accepted the invitation, excepting an Englishman of the name of Brown, who happened to be unwell at the time; after dinner, one of the officers heard a Pastucian whispering to another, that he should like to have for his share the captain's jacket, as it had a great deal of gold lace on it,—on hearing this, and feeling convinced that some treachery was intended, he jumped up, seized his sword to defend himself, and recommended his brother officers to do the same, and endeavour to cut their way through the Pastucians. A desperate struggle immediately commenced, but more Pastucians rushing in to the

assistance of their comrades, the whole of the Columbian officers were killed, after defending themselves in the most gallant manner. The captain of the light company, who first seized his sword, was named Pinson, and he killed three of the Pastucians before he fell covered with wounds.

I have heard from travellers, that the province of Pasto now presents a most desolate picture of the miseries of a fierce civil war; that nothing is to be seen but the ruins of villages and houses, the farms once well cultivated, deserted; and that nearly all the population is extirpated. Vast numbers of those men who were made prisoners were sent to Venezuela, Carthagena, and Panama, where the hot climate soon terminated the career of these superstitious deluded creatures, as the temperature of the province of Pasto is moderate, even some degrees cooler than Popayan. Considerable quantities of wheat were grown in that province, a great deal of which was sent to Popayan and the valley of Cauca, and the people, previous to this war, were comfortable and easy in their circumstances.

Nov. 18th. Mr. Cade and myself went with our kind and worthy friend, the bishop, to pay a visit to the lady abbess la Il^{a}. Thomasa dev^{ta}. Maria Magdalena, and the nuns of the order of Encarnacion; we were received with great politeness by them and the novices. This order is much less severe than that of El Carmen, and may be considered in some respects as a comfortable quiet retreat from the cares of the world, as they pray and fast in moderation, and frequently see their friends. One of the nuns was sister to Dr. Wallace's wife, and to the learned Caldas; a lively clever woman. We found all these nuns chatty and communicative, making many inquiries about the English ladies and the way in which they were educated.

This convent was extensive, and before the civil war the establishment consisted of eighty regular nuns, besides novices, and a great many attendants and female slaves; at this time, there were not more than five-and-twenty nuns, and the greater part of them appeared past the age of forty. I

observed two who were extremely pretty, and I should think not more than nineteen or twenty years of age. Several of the novices dressed in white, with large veils thrown elegantly over their shoulders, possessed considerable personal attractions.

The convent was founded by Augustin Coraña, a bishop of Popayan, a native of the province of Gallicia in Spain, in the year 1593. In the chapel we saw a tolerably good painting of the founder of the convent, and two of the present bishop, who had been a great friend to it, and had expended considerable sums of money lately in repairs; for having been neglected for some years, it had fallen into a dilapidated state. The bishop informed me that these nuns had suffered great privations during the war, in consequence of not receiving any rents from their estates ; and that on more than one occasion, they had subsisted for days together on oranges and lemons grown in their garden. We were shewn a small crown of solid gold studded with pearls, emeralds, rubies, and other precious stones, and

some saints richly ornamented, not one of which the nuns would part with, although they were at that time almost starving. When this was related to us, the bishop observed, " If I had been with them, I would soon have devoured this sacred crown and all the saints into the bargain." On which the lady abbess exclaimed in fun, " My good bishop, you are really becoming a heretic", forgetting that she had two standing by her side at the time. We were also shewn a small image of our Saviour, which was carried about the streets when either rain or fine weather was wanted. Here the bishop cracked another joke, and laughing heartily all the time, said, " When the procession takes place for rain, the sun becomes hotter; and when the sun is wanted, the clouds envelope it and the thunder and lightning are incessant." The lady abbess gave the bishop another lecture, which amused us and Sir Ilustrisima exceedingly. We remained for some time in the chapel, to hear a mulatto female slave play the organ and sing. We were astonished at her skill in playing, and at the sweet-

ness of her voice. The lady abbess told us she was a remarkably quick lively girl, with an excellent taste for music, and that she succeeded in all she undertook. The girl had a brilliant, lively eye, and pleasing intelligent countenance, although her features were not regular. In person she was remarkably well made. There are several young ladies of good family in Popayan and this province, who receive their education here. Nuns of high families wear black veils in this convent, and those of inferior rank wear white.

After partaking of some sweet things and lemonade, we took leave of the lady abbess and the nuns, much pleased at the kind manner in which we had been received and treated, and the bishop made us promise to attend the carnival, which would take place in the convent for two or three days on the re-election of a lady abbess, which happens once in three years; and the present abbess was so popular among the nuns that the bishop told me she was sure of being re-elected. I forgot to state that whilst we were walking about the con-

vent, the lady abbess missed Mr. Cade, and immediately sent an old nun to look for him, when he was found chatting with a young pretty novice, for which he received a lecture, the lady abbess telling him she never allowed the novices to commune alone with a young man ;—all this was said in a good-humoured manner. The bishop whispered to me, that "butter should be kept in the shade, it is sure to melt in the sun's rays."

I heard, at this time, of a negro in the province who had been bit by an aquas snake, whilst gathering wild fruit from a tree; unluckily he had not the antidote with him, and before he could reach home he broke out in a profuse perspiration, and became so weak he was obliged to lie down, and was found nearly dead. I did not hear whether he recovered.

In one of my walks in the neighbourhood of Popayan, I had nearly trodden on a dark-coloured, thin, long snake, lying asleep across a small footpath. I perceived it just as I was about to step on it, and retired quickly with a very unpleasant sensation, but felt afterwards much pleased at my lucky escape.

And as I had no weapon of defence with me, I thought it most prudent to leave the creature in quiet possession of the footpath, and take a circuitous route. Persons walking in woods, plains, or savannahs, should have their eyes about them.

The city of Popayan, formerly the capital of the province of the name, and at this time of the province and department of Cauca, in the state of Columbia, is situated in the south, 2° 27′ of northern latitude and 73° 36′ of west longitude from Paris (according to the Baron de Humboldt), at the foot of the Cordilleras, looking on a beautiful plain, and environed in a manner by two small rivers named the Molino to the north, and the Egido to the south. These streams finish their course about a league below the town of Popayan by entering the fine river Cauca, which winds to the westward through the rich plains and the charming valley of the same name.

As I before stated, the climate of Popayan is really delicious, the inhabitants being never oppressed by heat or annoyed by cold—the periodical

rains falling in the months of October, November, part of December, and April and May; but even in the rainy season the mornings are fine, the rain seldom coming before two or three in the afternoon, and continuing during the night. I never met, in any part of the world, with thunder and lightning more awful than at Popayan during the rainy season. The noise of the former is tremendous, owing to that town being situated at the foot of a branch of the Andes, and the sound re-echoing from one mountain to another. The lightning is awfully vivid, and extremely dangerous; a year seldom passes but some of the inhabitants are struck dead. A few years before this, the lady abbess of the convent of El Carmen had been killed. Dr. Wallace told me he had been sent for to attend her, but found her quite dead. The doctor added, that he conceived the electric fluid was strongly attracted by the metallic particles which abounded in the adjacent mountains.

The paramos of Puxana and Soltana are at a short distance from Popayan, and present sublime objects to the view, and early in the morning you see

the Cordilleras of Chicquio, which extend to a great distance to the westward. There is a handsome bridge over the Cauca, about a league to the north of the city, built at the sole expense of a rich Spaniard who had made his fortune as an apothecary at Popayan, but he took care to remunerate himself by obtaining permission of the governor to establish a toll on the bridge. From the valley of Cauca, sugar, rice, chocolate, &c., are sent to the capital, and the Indians of the neighbouring mountains supply the market with flour, potatoes, maize, plantains, vegetables, &c.; and previous to the civil war, a considerable trade was carried on through Popayan from the departments of Quito, the province of Pasto, valley of Patia, and other adjacent small towns. The principal articles brought from these places were baizes and coarse linens; from Quito also come roanas and cloaks; from the Pastos, wool; and Indian pepper from the valley of Patia. Before the war, large droves of cattle were sent from the province of Pasto, and 8,000 head of horned cattle had, a short time before, been driven from

that province into the valley of Cauca, as a punishment to the Pastucians for their obstinate resistance to the Columbian government. Popayan contains a college with two professors, one of grammar, the other of philosophy; and has also a rector and vice-rector. There is a cathedral, which is used at present as a parochial church, until the ancient cathedral shall be rebuilt. There were four convents, those of St. Francisco, St. Domingo, St. Augustin, and St. Caucias; and two nunneries, those of El Carmen and of the Encarnacion; but of the convents at present there only remains that of St. Francisco, the others having been suppressed by the law of the Congress of Cuenta in 1821. Besides these there are two or three other churches called Del Betem and La Hermistad, and a chapter-house, in which assemble the individuals composing the chapter, which consists of twelve regidores, two alcaldes ordenarios, one lawyer, and a magistrate.

The great square of the town has a desolate appearance, from the cathedral being in ruins, and some of the best houses having been deserted by

their proprietors during the war, or converted into barracks for soldiers. Dr. Wallace told me that in this square he had once witnessed great presence of mind and gallantry on the part of a Columbian serjeant, when the place was attacked by the Spaniards. The Columbian troops had been surprised, and some Spanish cavalry had charged the Columbian soldiers in the great square, when a Spanish colonel galloped after a serjeant, who offered to surrender provided the colonel would spare his life; but observing that the Spanish officer was getting his pistol out of his holster to shoot him, he instantly made a desperate lunge at him with his lance, which passing through a cloak slightly wounded the colonel in the side, who became so alarmed that he threw himself off his horse, which the serjeant mounted with much adroitness, and galloped off, master of a good horse and all the colonel's appointments. On this occasion another Columbian serjeant was badly wounded, but by the skill and attention of Dr. Wallace the poor fellow recovered; when, by a refinement of

cruelty on the part of the Spaniards, the serjeant was led out and shot.

The public officers of government are, the administrator of tobacco, chief of the custom-house, and the post-master. The Lancasterian school, which I visited with the governor, is in the ancient chapel of the seminary of the college. The dress of the females of the middling classes is gay, and displays much taste. They wear generally a scarlet petticoat with an embroidered border, a white body ornamented with frills and ribands, and round the waist, a cotton band wove in different colours. The hair is plaited, curled, and adorned with artificial flowers.

A few days before we left Popayan, Mr. Cade went on a hunting party with some gentlemen of the town, a few leagues off. He had excellent sport, and three deer were killed. They had afterwards a cold dinner at a farm-house, which had been sent from Popayan. Mr. Cade saw a negro make an admirable shot at a buck at full speed; the man was on horseback, and sent a ball through the

deer's head; the animal jumped a considerable height, and fell dead. We had some of the venison, which, like that at Bogotá, was lean, and had little flavour.

On the coast of the Pacific, a small shell-fish is found, from which a fine purple dye is extracted, nearly equal in lustre to the Tyrian dye, and the colour never fades. This fish is drawn partly from its shell, and by a slight pressure discharges the purple dye. This may be repeated several times, but a smaller quantity of dye is obtained each time, and at last the fish dies from the want of the fluid.

I was now anxious to leave Popayan, although the rainy season was not quite over, and the roads were still in a bad state, but the bishop requested I would remain a day or two longer in order to see a comedy performed by the nuns of the order of Encarnacion on the occasion of the re-election of the former lady abbess.

On the 21st of November, Mr. Cade and myself went to the convent, where we were received with the usual politeness by the bishop and the lady

abbess who was now gaily dressed. Several of the nuns also were attired in dresses corresponding to the characters they were about to personate in the comedy ; they were so completely disguised by their new habits that neither Mr. Cade nor myself should have recognised them. We congratulated the lady abbess on her re-election, who appeared in high spirits and on the alert to make arrangements that the festivities should be carried on with life and spirit. The servants and slaves were all gaudily dressed ; these were to perform a play first, in the square of the convent, which was to represent a battle between the Spaniards and Moors. At two o'clock the performance commenced with the servants in the square, who were drawn up in two lines, each having their general in front, the Moorish army being commanded by the Mulatto girl who played so well on the organ. After a number of speeches and bitter reproaches between the contending armies, a desperate fight took place with wooden swords, and of course the Christians gained a complete victory over the Infidels. We then went to

a large room adjoining the chapel, which was neatly fitted up as a theatre, and at a proper distance in front of the stage three chairs were placed. In the centre sat the governor, and the bishop and myself occupied that on each side, the rest of the spectators were accommodated with small benches on the right and left. The comedy had been written by one of the nuns, sister to Mrs. Wallace. The nuns and novices performed their parts extremely well, particularly the authoress of the piece, who made the governor, bishop, and all the audience laugh heartily. The comedy represented the difficulties the lady abbess and nuns had to contend with during the civil war, and the chief scenes were between the lady abbess and the steward of the estates belonging to the convent, who, to get the rents and their daily subsistence, adopts many ludicrous ways and means, contriving by his ingenuity to overcome all obstacles. After the comedy we had the gratification of seeing the nuns and novices dance boleros and other Spanish dances, and the whole concluded with an entertainment of confectionary, fruits, wines, &c.

On my remarking to the bishop that I had not the slightest idea nuns and novices were ever allowed to be so gay, or could make such good actresses, he smiled, and said, "My good friend, these ladies are not quite such severe saints as you suppose."

After returning thanks to the lady abbess and her companions for their kindness, we took our leave, exceedingly pleased with the afternoon's amusement. The next day was employed in bidding farewell to all our kind friends in Popayan, and on the 23d of November we took our departure, being accompanied a short distance by Señor J. Mosquera, Dr. Wallace, and some other gentlemen on our way to the valley of Cauca.

We had not proceeded more than a league from Popayan, when, to our surprise, we found, seated on the bridge built over the river Cauca, the lad Joaquin, who had assisted the servants during our residence in Popayan in purchasing provisions, &c., and who had had his meals with them. On our asking Joaquin what he was doing there, he replied, he was determined to go with us to Bogotá, and af-

terwards to England, as he much wished to see that country, and that he was not kindly treated at home, his mother having married a second time. After consulting with Mr. Cade what was to be done with the lad, we decided that he should mount one of the baggage mules and go with us. Joaquin was about twelve years of age. He is now living with me in England, and has turned out a remarkably good boy, and speaks English extremely well. His countenance is pleasing and intelligent, having the large dark eyes of the Indians with European features.

Our first day's journey was most disagreeable, as it rained almost the whole day, and the roads were in a very bad state. My mule fell once with me from the roads being exceedingly slippery, and I got well covered with mud. Towards evening I waited a considerable time for Mr. Cade and the baggage mules, but I could see nothing of them, and continued my route to an hacienda (or farm-house), called Pendamon, about five leagues from Popayan, where we had been recommended to pass the night. The owner of the estate said his house

was much at our service, and he very civilly sent two of his servants to endeavour to find Mr. Cade, who, with the baggage, arrived at eight o'clock in the evening. It appeared he had lost his way, and at last came to the house of a curé, who insisted on his alighting and taking some refreshment, and then sent a guide with him to Pendamon. During this day the Cordilleras were close to us on our right, and once or twice we got a view of Puracé, which was covered with snow. We had considerable difficulty in getting across some of the streams, which were much swollen from the rains; and I began to be under some apprehension that we should be unable to proceed on our journey if the rain continued a few days longer.

We left Pendamon at seven A.M., the 24th. This day we fortunately escaped the heavy rains, which did not set in till we had arrived at a lonely cottage five leagues distant from Pendamon, when it poured the whole night. Our baggage mules did not arrive until three hours after us, servants, mules, and baggage having got a complete soaking.

At this season travellers should start as early as possible in the morning to get under cover before the rain falls in the afternoon. The whole of this day we did not see a single house or cottage, although fine woods and extensive pasture land, sufficient for large herds of cattle and sheep, appeared to offer temptation to settlers. Here we found very indifferent accommodation, but the poor people were anxious to make room for slinging our hammocks, and willing to sell us poultry and eggs.

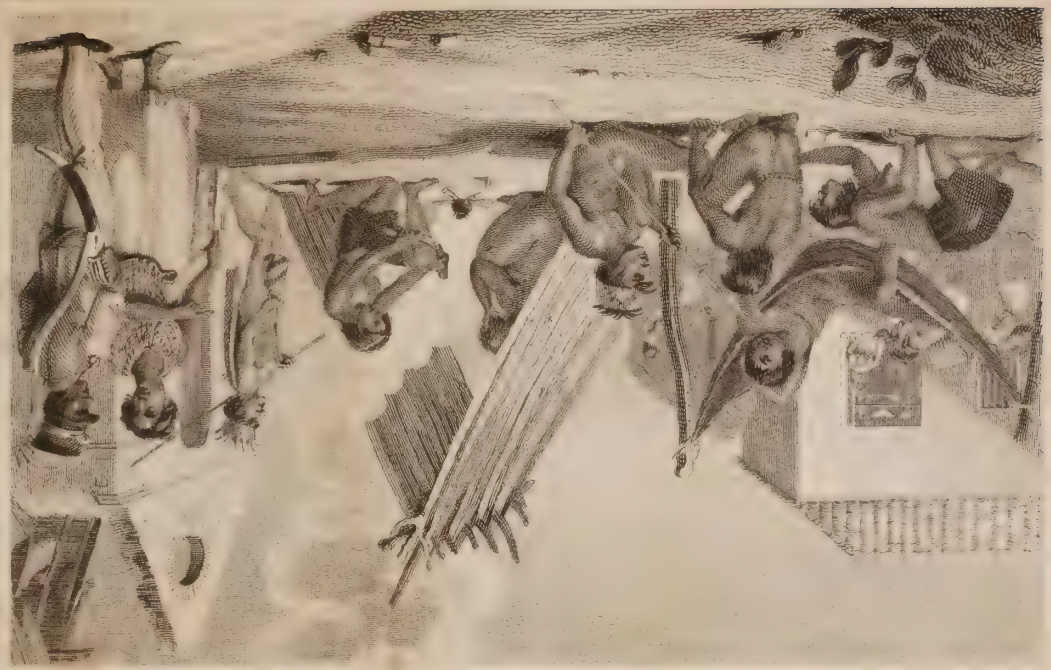
Since we had turned our backs on Popayan, we had been gradually descending towards the valley of Cauca, and found the climate three or four degrees warmer than at the capital, but by no means unpleasant. In this day's journey the roads were so slippery in ascending and descending the hills, that the mules sometimes slid down on their hind parts for thirty or forty yards together, we sitting back as much as possible to throw all the weight of our bodies on their haunches, at the same time giving them their heads. In ascending the hills, the mules had great difficulty in getting a purchase

with their fore feet, and they fell several times; luckily no bones were broken.

We got away early, still travelling through a fine country without seeing a single habitation. On the road we met with some negroes conducting the mules and baggage of a Columbian merchant to the town of Bouga; they were much amused, and cracked their jokes pretty loudly at seeing my cook Edle scrambling up and down the greasy hills on foot; his nerves were not equal to sitting on the back of a skaiting mule. It was provoking to see these black fellows sit on their mules with as much sang froid as if they had been riding over the best roads in Europe, long habit and custom having well trained their bodies and nerves to this dangerous sort of travelling; and as the negroes are nearly naked and very active, they contrive, when the mule falls, to be off his back in an instant, and safe on their own legs. The people at the cottage where we slept told us that the woods and forests were full of deer, and that the spotted leopard and tiger-cat were frequently seen, but that no one came to

hunt, excepting now and then the Indians from the adjacent mountains. We were this day near the Pitoya mountains, where the best bark in America is procured, and I much regretted being so hard pushed for time as not to be able to visit these mountains and examine the trees from which the bark is taken.

We arrived rather early at the hacienda of Mondomo, situate on a fine gentle slope, with the small river Mondomo winding round the hill, which empties itself into the river Cauca, three leagues from this estate. Here I saw, for the first time, two of the beautiful little calli paroquets; they were not much larger than sparrows, the breast a light blue, head red, and the back a bright green. I wished much to have got a pair of these paroquets, but the natives told me they would never live in a cage, as they were "muy bravos" (very wild). There were at this hacienda a few miserable small cottages, and a chapel of nearly the same description. Some slaves, who brought earth from the neighbouring hills to wash for gold in the river Mondomo, had



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formerly resided here, and the property belonged to a gentleman at Popayan, but at this time there were but few slaves remaining, and these appeared in a comfortless state. The Spaniards had, some months before, in marching through that part of the country, carried off all the cattle and sheep, and plundered the slaves, out of revenge to the master of the estate, who was a staunch patriot. They also took seventeen of the best slaves to serve in one of their corps. Here I again heard of the Chapitones or Spaniards killing the beasts merely for their tongues.

At Mondomo we met with the Columbian merchant, whose slaves had amused themselves at the expense of our cook. He had left the town of Barbacoas a few days before. He gave me more particulars of the gallant conduct of Colonel Mosquera, as he happened to be in the place when Aqualonga made his attack, and assisted him in defending the house. I found the merchant an intelligent man, and derived some useful information from him respecting the valley of Cauca, and I was much

pleased to hear him say he considered the rainy season was over, and that I should find the road to Bouga much better in the valley of Cauca. On one side of the road, on this day's journey, we were shown a very strong position occupied for a considerable time by a detachment of the Columbian troops. This position commanded the passage of a bridge over a rapid river, and the ascent to the batteries was over steep and rugged rocks. The selection of this military post proved to me that the Columbian officers knew the strength of ground, and the advantages to be derived from it when acting on a defensive system. Some of the huts of the encampment were still remaining.

On the 24th of November we left Mondomo, and had not proceeded more than two leagues when we met on horseback the servant of Mr. Arboleda who lived at Capio in the valley of Cauca, and who had politely sent me a note to request I would spend two or three days with him at his country-house. Soon after this meeting we ascended a hill, from the summit of which we had a grand view of the

beautiful and extensive valley of Cauca. The river of that name ran through its centre, the town of Calli lay in the distance to the westward at the foot of the Cordilleras, and the large village of Killacho lay directly under us, at the very mouth of the valley, which appeared, from this spot, to be skirted on each side by the Cordilleras (or high mountains) of the Andes. We remained here for a quarter of an hour, to feast our eyes on this noble expanse, and to have the different objects explained to us by Señor Arboleda's servant, Mr. Cade and myself rejoicing at the idea of travelling through this delightful valley, which had always been described to us by our friends at Bogotá and Popayan as the finest spot in all Columbia.

In passing through the village of Killacho, I called on the sister of Mr. Hurtado, the Columbian minister in this country, who received us with much politeness, and offered us refreshment. Colonel Palma had informed me at Popayan, that Mrs. Hurtado had a large collection of Indian curiosities, and I was in hopes of being able to

purchase some from the lady, but I found on enquiry the report was not correct. Mrs. Hurtado shewed us a considerable quantity of gold dust, which I believe had been brought from her mines in the neighbourhood.

This day I had the bad luck to stick with my mule into a deep slough, and I had no alternative but to get off his back into the mud with my jack boots, where I soon became lost, to the merriment and amusement of my secretary, servants, muleteers, &c., who seemed delighted to see the master and mule verifying the old proverb of "the more you try to get out of the mire, the deeper you stick." However, the muleteers at last pulled me out, nearly minus my jack boots and spurs, and the poor mule having got rid of fourteen stone weight was also extricated from the bog, both of us to be sure in a sad plight, which was rather an annoyance, as I was to make my debut at Mr. and Mrs. Arboleda's, who were people of great consequence in this part of the valley of Cauca. Soon after this, as we were going to cross a stream, we

observed a large snake swimming towards us, and when he arrived near the bank he stopped, apparently to watch our motions, with his head and part of his body out of water; I then observed the black cross on his neck, and knew it was the snake called the aques. A negro who was passing on foot at this time, agreed for a dollar to endeavour to kill the reptile. For this purpose he went a short distance in the rear, and cut a large long bamboo with his manchette, and advanced to the attack of the snake, who had remained quiet in his position with his eyes fixed on us. As the negro approached the aques, he put out his forked tongue, and raised himself higher in the water, as if preparing to make a dart at his enemy, which the black observing, retired a few paces, and then told me he was afraid to attack it, as it was prepared to spring on him. In this position the negro and snake remained for two or three minutes, watching each other, when suddenly the aques turned round to swim to the other side of the river. The moment the negro observed its head turned from him,

he rushed to the bank, and gave the aques two or three tremendous blows with the bamboo, which made him turn on his back, and the negro followed up his attack and succeeded in killing his enemy. This aques measured six feet in length. The black brought it to me on his bamboo, and appeared much elated at his victory, and not less so when he received his reward.

After we had left the village of Killacho, we found the road almost impassable, as it lay through swamps and morasses, in which our poor mules were up to their knees at almost every step; and whilst myself and mule were struggling to get out of a hole, Mr. Arboleda, accompanied by a clergyman, met us, and introduced himself and friend to us, and in a very hospitable manner requested we would pass two or three days with him at his country house, called Capio, which was a league and a half from Killacho. Mr. Arboleda apologized for the bad state of his roads, which he said was chiefly owing to his having been absent from his property for a long time during the civil war, when every

thing had been neglected, and his estate plundered by the Spaniards.

A short distance from Capio, Mr. Arboleda pointed out to me a small range of hills, the soil of which was a red clay; these, he said, were the hills of which his slaves washed the soil for gold dust, and that if we had no objection he should have much pleasure in riding with us there the next day to show us the process. Afterwards, on our further progress through the valley of Cauca, we saw these red clay hills containing gold dust; they were on our right for several leagues. Mr. Arboleda mentioned, that he had at that time 800 slaves on his estates in the valley of Cauca and in the province of Choco, the greater portion of whom were employed in washing for gold dust.

On our arrival at Capio we were introduced to Señora Arboleda, a fine elegant young woman, who was daughter to Señor Piombo, Master of the Mint at Popayan, and niece of General Count O'Donnell, who was in the Spanish service. The lady could not help smiling at seeing me so com-

pletely plastered with mud, and remarked that their roads must appear particularly bad to Englishmen, who were accustomed to such good ones in their own country. After making ourselves clean and comfortable, we sat down to an elegant dinner served on massy silver dishes and French china, and soon forgot all our past grievances, or rather they served to amuse us, over Mr. Arboleda's old Spanish wines.

We found Mr. and Mrs. Arboleda very well informed; the former had previously been mentioned to me at Popayan, as possessing superior abilities, and having taken infinite pains to cultivate his mind by reading; and in a room which he called his study, he had an extensive library of French, English, Italian and Spanish books, a great many of which he had recently purchased at Lima, where he had been sent on a diplomatic mission by the Columbian government with his cousin Señor J. Mosquera. During the civil war, when Morillo had possession of nearly the whole of Columbia, Mr. and Mrs. Arboleda suffered great hardships, being obliged

to conceal themselves for two years among the forests, and in the caves near their estates in the province of Choco, during which time they experienced great kindness and attention from their slaves, which proves he had been a good master to them.

Mr. Arboleda was once taken by the Spaniards, and conducted as a prisoner to Bogotá. When brought before the Spanish General, Morillo, the first question he put to him was, "Are you a doctor of laws?" to which Señor Arboleda answered "no." "It is a lucky circumstance for you that you are not", said Morillo, "for if you had been one, I would have had you shot in less than twenty-four hours, as I consider these vile lawyers the very focus of rebellion and sedition; and although I am aware you are married to a niece of General O'Donnell, that alliance should not have saved you, had you been a doctor."

Previous to the revolutionary war, 10,000 head of cattle, each worth eight dollars, were kept on the estate of Capio; at present there was not above a

tenth part of that number, as the Spaniards were continually demanding contributions, during the war, of three or four hundred head at a time. If the demand were opposed, the steward of the estate received one or two hundred coups de baton on his shoulders as a punishment for his refractory conduct. Mr. Arboleda assured me, that before the struggle for their liberty commenced, above a million head of cattle were fed and fattened in the valley of Cauca, and at the present period he supposed there were not 200,000 all over the valley and province.

When I entered my bed-room, I was struck with astonishment to see the neatness with which every thing was arranged, and luxuries provided for the toilet which are only found among rich families in Europe, and which I little expected to find in the secluded, although beautiful valley of Cauca. My bed and curtains were completely in the French style, the latter ornamented with artificial flowers, and on a table was placed eau de Cologne, Windsor soap, huile de Macassar, crême

d'amandes amêres, brushes, &c. I slept most profoundly in my luxurious bed, which, in every sense of the word, might be called a bed of roses. Early in the morning a servant announced that a cold bath was ready. The whole appeared to me almost like enchantment, and I could have fancied myself like one of the heroes in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments transported to a palace, after the poor lodgings and humble fare I had been accustomed to. This good arrangement gave me a high opinion of the refined taste of our hostess, having never met with any thing of the kind in Columbia.

After breakfast, Mr. Arboleda proposed that we should ride to one of his hills to see the operation of washing for gold dust, which was a league from Capio. On our arrival, we found about a dozen negresses very neatly dressed in white petticoats with blue ornaments and large straw hats, busily employed, by the side of a small stream, washing the earth in bateas (or wooden bowls), for the gold dust, while the negroes were occupied in bringing the red clay to the side of the water. Mr. Arboleda explained to me the manner in which the ne-

groes separate the earth and other stony particles from the gold dust, which, he said, in the department of Cauca was a very simple operation. The working negroes, from long experience, know immediately, on examining the earth or clay, whether it contains much ore. For some time a great number of them are employed in digging the earth and crumbling it, and then by means of a channel of water, artificially brought along the side of the hill, the earth is moistened, and the gold, from its weight, falls to the bottom of the channel, the lighter particles being carried away by the current, which is contrived so as always to run with the same degree of velocity. The stones are then picked out by the women.

The canal before us was dug on the third stratum of earth, called peña, from its being a soft rocky stone, and the sides and bottom were kept smooth, to prevent the gold dust being lost in the crevices. After the stones were taken out, and the earth carried off by the water, there remained in the canal gold dust, very small stones, a quantity of sand, and particles of iron. All these substances

so deposited are collected in large wooden bowls. The women take a small quantity of the above ingredients into their bateas, and shake them about very skilfully on the surface of the water, taking care to get rid of the extraneous substances, and retaining in the batea the gold dust, mixed with fine sand. As this sand is very small, and specifically heavier than the water, the miners, in order to thicken the water, mix with it a certain herb, which is generally found in the mining districts, and by its means separate the gold from the sand in the following manner.

They place the ore in a kind of basin or pan, made of a hide, inclining it gently towards one of the bateas; they then pour softly and gradually this decoction of the herb over the gold and sand, which, carrying the sand with it into the batea, leaves the pure gold in the basin of hide. Then a piece of lighted wood is brought to a negress, who dries the gold, and puts it into paper. Such was the process we witnessed at Mr. Arboleda's mines,

and an old negress presented me the paper filled with gold dust, all the slaves exclaiming repeatedly at the same time, "viva el Señor Arboleda." He gave them a handful of silver, and I presented to the slaves some gold in a more solid tangible shape than the gold dust. All these negroes worked at gold washing four days in the week for Señor Arboleda, and two days for themselves in the mines. Each married man had a cottage and a small piece of ground for cultivation, for which he paid no rent. From what I witnessed, I believe these slaves are most happy and comfortable under their present master, and enjoy more of the comforts of life than the labourers of some countries in Europe. Both men and women appeared in the enjoyment of excellent health, and some of the negro girls were fine stout buxom lasses, in shape perfect. Previously to my visit to Mr. Arboleda, I had formed a very different opinion of the life led by the slaves working in the gold mines. The negroes are certainly much exposed to the sun, but this ex-

posure to great heat does not prove injurious to Africans, although it would be fatal to European constitutions. The thermometer at two P. M. in the shade, was 79°. This mine was called "St. Vincente de Quiramays."

Mr. Arboleda had a very nice garden laid out in parterres, with a variety of flowers and plants in it, and among them some small cypress trees he had brought from Peru. Some years back his father established a cotton manufactory in the vicinity of Popayan. When the Spanish viceroy heard of it at Bogotá, he gave orders that it should be destroyed!!! The estate of Capia is seven Spanish leagues in circumference, and Mr. Arboleda told us that some of the estates in the valley of Cauca were much larger.

At the breaking out of the war, the slaves generally in the province of Cauca, and the province of Choco, first espoused the cause of the Spaniards; but the act of emancipation passed by the general congress had the effect of converting them into friends of the patriot cause.

Since my return to England I have been extremely sorry to hear from Mr. Hurtado, that a younger brother of Mr. Arboleda had been compelled, from the state of his health, to return to Columbia. I became acquainted with him at Bogotá; he had come over to this country in order to learn the English language.

On Sunday, 28th of November, we took leave of Mr. and Mrs. Arboleda, having passed two most agreeable days with them. Mr. Arboleda begged my acceptance of a map, which he had made himself, of the department of the Cauca and this part of the coast of the Pacific, which I have published with this work, and which I have reason to believe is correct. Mr. Arboleda accompanied us a league on the road, and then sent a guide on with us, as some parts of the way were nearly impervious, excepting by the passes, which were only known to the people of the neighbourhood.

The weather had now set in fine, and we had a most delightful ride for five leagues through this fine valley, until we arrived at the hacienda of

Cabrede Secca. We slept at the foot of the Cordillera which separates the valley of Cauca from the province of Neyva, from which descended small rivers whose waters were as clear as crystal. One river, called the Pelo, is sometimes crossed in canoes, but we were able to ride through it. Our guide told us that all the beds of these rivers contained gold dust, and that considerable quantities were sometimes obtained by the natives washing the sand of the Cauca.

The situation of Cabreda Secca was really beautiful, having two clear streams running on each side within a few hundred yards of the house, flanked also by noble woods, and in the front and rear were extensive pasture grounds well stocked with cattle. From the front of the house, you had a distinct view of the convents, churches, and white houses of the town of Calli, with the grand range of mountains in its rear which separates this valley from the Pacific Ocean; and in the rear of the hacienda were the Cordilleras which we had on our right during our journey. On our arrival, the

slaves said their master was from home for a day or two, and refused to sell us a couple of fowls which we wished to dress for our dinner. As we had nothing to eat, and there was abundance of poultry in the yard, we determined on killing a couple, and paying for them. Whilst my servants were in the act of catching the fowls, the master of the house made his appearance, who, we found out, had been taking his siesta after dinner. I informed him of the conduct of his slaves, which he condemned, and ordered them to kill poultry for us. We thought, however, he did not give these orders with a very good grace, but afterwards we became good friends, and walked with him into his garden, where he showed us a large cinnamon tree twenty years old, some fine tobacco plants, and a tree with large round fruit on it. The shell that covers this fruit is made into tertumas, or bowls, by the people. He ordered one of his servants to gather us some dwarf French beans, the first we had seen in Columbia, and to boil them for our dinner. In his woods we received a welcome from our Magdalena

friends, as the red monkeys, scarlet macaws, and green parrots were in abundance, which proved we had again entered a tropical climate, although we did not find the heat oppressive, owing to a fine cool breeze which descended from the high mountains in the rear. Our landlord gave us a great deal of information about the animals and birds which are found in the valley of Cauca, and said that there were seven different kinds of macaws and parrots there. Some of the latter had yellow plumage on the breast, wings, and tail, and red feathers on the head. In the plains were abundance of stags, deer, wild turkeys, a species of grouse, and partridges. About two months before, our host and his slaves had killed a large fat black bear, which he considered good meat when roasted.

For upwards of two years he had lived in the Cordilleras, behind his house, when the valley of Cauca was occupied by the Spaniards, where he was frequently on the point of being starved to death, and where he underwent almost incredible hardships. The Spaniards robbed him of

5000 dollars, and killed and carried off all the cattle belonging to the estate. Notwithstanding this destruction, excellent meat could be purchased at three pence per pound. In the afternoon, we saw the slaves laso a bull very adroitly, and in half an hour he was skinned, cut up, and divided amongst the negroes belonging to the estate, all which work was done in the open field. An arróba (or 25 lbs.) of beef was allowed to each full grown slave for a month's allowance.

All the large haciendas in this valley have their chapels and curés, who say mass to the negroes morning and evening, and confess them. There is this advantage attending the custom of confessing, that if any conspiracy is plotting among the blacks, the priest will, in all probability, find it out in the confessional chair.

The morning before we left this place I purchased for Mr. Cade a young handsome mule for eighty-five dollars; this we considered a bargain, as black mules are scarce, and much sought after at Bogotá. Soon after six on the Monday morning, we

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mounted our mules, and bid adieu to the owner of Cabeda Secca, and in passing through a wood near his house saw a great many nests of the oropendulum, hanging from the branches of the highest trees.—Wild cotton and vanilla are found here in abundance, but the natives scarcely ever gather them, not having a market for these articles. On crossing some of the small rivers this day, we observed that the water was of a reddish colour, and on enquiry, found it was caused by washing the red clay for gold dust.

Our ride this day was most agreeable; we enjoyed a refreshing cool breeze from the north, and every three or four miles passed, either to the right or left of the road, haciendas, belonging to different gentlemen, some of which were substantial, good houses; and near these places, there were numerous cottages built of bamboo, with fences and small enclosures made of cane, in a very neat, and at the same time strong manner. In these cottages a great many of the free peasantry lived; who were a tall, dark, handsome looking people, well clad, and possessing, what is pleasant to see in all countries,

a number of little comforts attached to their cottages.

We had now got well into the valley of Cauca, and I found the favourable reports I had received relative to this vale had not been exaggerated; for I had seen no part of Columbia that could bear any comparison with this extensive valley, either in the fertility of its soil, or in the beauty of its scenery, and comfortable and respectable appearance of the country houses and cottages; and this was the state of things at the conclusion of a sanguinary civil war, which had raged all over the country for fourteen or fifteen years. What might this valley become in twenty or thirty years, under a good government, possessing such great natural advantages? In the small enclosures of the peasants, were cultivated rice and Indian corn; and the plaintain, cocoa, orange, lime, and lemon trees, presented a delightful appearance to the eye after the rainy season. Our bacchiero told us, that some of the country houses, which we saw at a distance from the road, would not bear a much closer inspection,

as during the war they had been deserted by their proprietors, and had fallen into decay from the want of timely repair.

We arrived at three o'clock at a large country house called El Bolo, where we were politely received by Señor Caytano de Erenbol, doctor of law, late a member of Congress, but who had lately given in his resignation on account of his living at so great a distance from Bogotá; and he was also anxious to look personally after his property, and endeavour gradually to improve it, and bring it back to its former state, as it had shared the fate of all other estates and been well plundered by the Spaniards. He had two nephews living with him, fine young men, who had been educated at one of the public colleges at Bogotá. Our dinner was rather a curious one; first soup, then a course of vegetables, followed by meat and fruits, which were removed for dulces and sweet things with cheese, which the Americans eat together.

This gentleman had a brace of the handsomest grayhounds I had seen in this country, marked

black and white; he told me he had got them from Guyaquil to hunt deer, and that they were very swift of foot. In the room was hanging a beautiful painting of the Virgin and infant Jesus, which came from Quito. I gave several broad hints that I should like to purchase the painting, as I still felt anxious to bring the work of the Quitonian master to England, but these hints were not taken, as Señor Caytano had a high value for this picture. The countenances of the virgin and child were very pleasing and interesting, the style of composition was good, and the colouring full of truth, warmth, and force. I regretted not being able to learn the name of the master who had attained such perfection. We saw here, in a cage, a very pretty bird, called the azulejo; the whole plumage was of light blue, it was the size of a canary bird, and sang sweetly. The gentleman informed us, that this bird was only found in the valley of Cauca; we had never seen it before. A bird of three colours, yellow, black, and red, called the palaton, is seen in these parts; it is about the size of a small parrot, and

is constantly saying "Dios ti de." There is also here a mico (or small brown monkey), with a large bushy tail; and another species also of a light brown, with a long tail: each holds that of its companion in skipping from tree to tree, or in crossing small rivers.

The nephews were great sportsmen, and told me, that they had sometimes excellent sport in shooting the black partridge in the adjacent mountains, which was the size of a hen; this, I conceive, must be the black cock. In the river Cauca, these young men told me, they caught the begré, bochachico, and barbudo, and in the smaller rivers, el capitan and la savilleta, a species of small salmon, with bright silver scales. They had also taken white and spotted deer: in short, by their account, the hunting and shooting must be capital in this neighbourhood, and Mr. Cade and myself regretted that we could not remain a few days at this hacienda, to partake of the field sports. However, it is necessary that every keen sportsman should sometimes recollect the old French adage,

"qui va à la chasse, perd sa place." The principal trade now carried on from this part of the valley of Cauca, was to Popayan, the province of Pasto, and even as far as Quito, consisting of dried beef, sugar, chocolate, coffee, and spirits.

Señor Caytano told me, the peasants of the valley of Cauca make excellent soldiers; they are brave, patient under privation, and obedient on all occasions to their officers. The battalion formed in this valley by the patriots, fought desperately against the Spaniards, whom they detested for their cruel conduct and the robberies and plunder they committed in this beautiful valley, which may fairly be called "the Garden of Columbia." The peasantry here are also very industrious, much more so than the inhabitants of the province of Neyva, on the other side of the Cordilleras, to the eastward of Cauca.

We walked out with Señor Caytano and his nephews, who showed us nearly two hundred brood mares, with their colts and fillies in large enclosures. The slaves collected them into these enclosures twice

a week, to examine the animals, and to dress and foment any wounds or kicks they might have received. There were few entire horses in this valley, which was owing to the Spaniards always carrying them off for their cavalry; these dons never condescended to ride mares. We also went over the trapiche, or sugar-mill, and saw the negroes placing the sugar-canes between two large copper rollers, to express the juice of them into large bateas (or wooden bowls). These bowls are cut out of the wood of a tree, called igaron, which bears a fruit much sought after by the deer and monkeys. The juice is then removed into rather shallow and wide wooden troughs, to clear it, and put into the boilers, thence into large earthen covered pots, where the sugar remains to cool. This was the whole process of making sugar which we saw in the valley of Cauca; and as the people had never heard of refined sugar, they were contented with the article thus simply procured, at a small expense, which renders the concern a profitable one to the owner.

As the estates are of great extent in this valley,

those slaves who have the management of the cattle are mounted, and ride remarkably well. Their appearance on horseback is singular; a cloak, made of rushes, covers their whole bodies, while their head is overshadowed by a large straw hat. The cloak is worn to keep out the heat as well as the rain. Their legs are bare, but they protect their feet with sandals, to which are attached prodigious spurs; they carry a long manchette fixed in a girdle on their left side. I hardly ever met these blacks riding at any other pace than a sharp gallop, and I was quite pleased to see them wheel their horses round, or halt, in a moment, with all the adroitness of a Mameluke. The cattle keepers are selected when boys for this business, and those only who are quick and intelligent have the honor of filling this post. There are also slaves whose duty is to attend their masters in hunting the jaquar, leopard, black bear, stag, and deer. The slaves on the estate of El Bolo, must have been numerous, if one might judge from the great number of cottages near the mansion, having a good sized chapel

in the centre; but they had not certainly the healthy appearance of those of Señor Arboleda, whom we had seen washing the gold dust, and there appeared a want of comfort in the habitations on the estate of El Bolo.—A man travelling in any part of the world, may soon discover where a Sir Roger de Coverley resides; the appearance of the servants and dependants soon lets out the secret, although I must add, in justice to Señor Caytano, that I never heard he was an unkind or severe master.

On these sugar estates, a great number of pigs are kept, which are fattened on the sugar cane, after the juice has been extracted, and on other refuse arising from the preparation of the sugar. The pork is good tasted, but rather soft and flabby. The negroes also get fat when the sugar canes are ripe, being remarkably fond of it. Mr. Cade and myself had the same taste; we often regaled ourselves with a piece of sugar-cane, after eating which, a draught of cold water is particularly pleasant; with this, a cigar, and a cup of chocolate, you

may undergo great fatigue, even in a tropical climate. We found the tobacco which grows in this valley mild and pleasant: in short, Providence has certainly been most bountiful to this favoured vale, which possesses within itself every thing that human beings can covet or desire in the way of food or luxury.

An administrador of tobacco in Bouga had just written a pamphlet, in which he clearly proved that government might make, annually, one million and a half of dollars by the cultivation of tobacco in the valley of Cauca; but the people wisely, for their own interest, refused to cultivate that plant to a great extent, since the sale of tobacco, as I before stated, is monopolized by government, and they have not always the funds to purchase it from the cultivator. The climate was here rather warmer, as we had still descended a little in a north westerly direction, but the thermometer was not more than 80° in the shade, in the middle of the day, and there was at all times a cooling breeze from the Andes, to the eastward. The tree bocalico was

pointed out to us, which bears a small wild fruit, on which pigs fatten quickly. Many of these trees grow near the river Cauca, and in the proper season herds of swine are turned out to fatten on their produce. We saw some Guinea fowls at this hacienda, not having before met with them. They are full as noisy as in Europe, and are considered a delicacy for the table.

On Tuesday the 30th of November, we quitted El Bolo early, accompanied by Señor Caytano and his nephews, who insisted on escorting us to the boundary of the estate, nearly two leagues from the house. Mr. Cade having much admired a gray stallion, four years old, we were a great deal surprised to find his German servant leading the horse away in the morning, and on enquiry, we found that Señor Caytano had given orders that the horse should be delivered to the servant, for his master. Mr. Cade rode up to Señor Caytano, to thank him for his kindness and attention, and to decline accepting the horse, but all to no purpose, as the Señor told him, he should feel hurt if he returned

his present, particularly after admiring the animal so much the preceding evening. This was certainly not a Spanish compliment. We had some rain this morning, but not heavy, and our ride was, as usual, agreeable and pleasant. About two o'clock we met Dr. Soto, a clergyman, and his son, who had come to the confines of his estate to meet us; the Bishop of Popayan had written, apprising him that we should arrive about the latter end of the month; and I had also a letter of introduction to him from the worthy bishop. The doctor embraced us, and received us in the kindest manner, and told me that he would excommunicate us if we did not remain four days with him, which I said was impossible, but that we would willingly stay one.

His place was called San José, and was four and a half Spanish leagues from El Bolo. I had heard his character from the bishop, who described him as a pleasant, jocose companion, always in excellent spirits, fond of good living, and never happier than when he had his friends around him to partake of his hospitality; the consequence

was, that Dr. Soto was universally beloved in the valley of Cauca, where he had great influence with all classes, and was also much respected. He told me, that himself and Señor Caycedo (since killed in action by the Pastucians) were the two first gentlemen who raised the inhabitants of the valley of Cauca to resist the tyranny of the Spaniards, and that he considered it the most glorious deed of his whole life.

The doctor, previous to becoming a priest, had married, and had several children, two sons and a daughter, who were now grown up and living with him. Our first meal convinced us he was a bon vivant; every dish was well dressed, agreeably to the Spanish style of cookery, and the doctor, as well as ourselves, had an excellent appetite. After dinner, he related to us some of the events of the late war, from which we discovered, that the old divine (I suppose he was sixty-five) could fight as well as preach; he certainly did not preach over his wine, which was old Malaga, and very fine. He had been taken prisoner by the Spanish

general Samano, who was afterwards viceroy of New Grenada, and sent by him to Quito. When he was examined by the captain-general of that province, Mentes, he boldly avowed that he was a patriot, and that nothing should induce him to change his political sentiments. This frankness pleased the captain-general so much, who was a man of education and of a humane disposition, that he immediately gave orders to let the doctor go where he liked, remarking "that such frank and open enemies should be treated with liberality." I suspect if there had been a few more such men in the country, as the captain-general Mentes, Columbia might still have been a Spanish colony; but Morillo, Saberno, Morales, and men of the same violent character, completely counteracted the good effects of the prudent policy of General Mentes.

Here I tasted the fruit of the royal palm-tree, it is the size of an acorn, straw colour, and of a sweet pleasant flavour, with a large stone in it. Pigs fatten well on this fruit, and their flesh is firm.

On the morning of the 1st of December, a deputation of the principal people of the little town of Llano Grande arrived at the doctor's house, to congratulate us on our safe arrival in this neighbourhood, and to request we would do them the honor of visiting their town. I told them I should have much pleasure in acceding to their wishes, and accordingly, as soon as we had breakfasted, and our host was booted and spurred, we all mounted our horses and mules for the town of Llano Grande, which was about three quarters of a league distant. On our approach to the town, we were met by a great many more horsemen, who joined our cavalcade, and in this manner we rode through the streets of Llano Grande, receiving the smiles of the old and young women and the bows of the men.

Llano Grande is a neat little town, and, as its name denotes, is situated in an immense plain, almost in the centre of the valley of Cauca. This plain is a fine rich pasture, and supports a vast number of cattle, which constitute the riches of the

inhabitants. During the time we were riding through the streets, rockets and squibs were let off in several parts of the town, as a compliment to us, and to demonstrate their joy at our arrival. The population of Llano Grande and the outskirts consists of seven thousand souls. This town was the head quarters of the Spanish and Columbian armies, and suffered severely during the war. The choice of this place for head quarters was good, from its central situation; and if a strong detachment of cavalry were stationed in the place, to act in the large plain, the post would be secure.

We called on a gentleman in the town (a friend of the doctor's), where I saw a most beautiful parrot; his whole plumage was a fine bright yellow, with the tip of the wings red; the bird was large, very tame, and talked some words in Spanish very distinctly. We were amused at an Indian girl, who cried sadly when she brought the parrot into the parlour, as she supposed we were going to take away her favourite bird. I certainly was most anxious to do so, as it was a rara avis, and seldom seen

in these provinces. I commissioned the doctor to offer the gentleman fifty dollars for the bird, which he did, and I believe I should have effected the purchase, had not the lady, and I suppose the Indian girl, put in their vetos against the sale. I had never seen a yellow parrot before, nor have I ever met with such a bird since. I had a black parrot with me at the time, which I had procured at Popayan. I was shown some embroidery, which was very beautiful and had been worked by the same Indian girl who prized the parrot so much. Among the persons who came out to meet us, was our friend the merchant with whom we had fallen in on the road from Barbacoas, and I found this town was his place of residence, and not Baga, as I at first understood. He very civilly requested we would take some refreshments at his house, and introduced us to his wife, who was a pretty little woman. After we had been a short time with him, he inquired if I was a mineralogist. I told him I knew a little on the subject, but not much. He then showed me a piece of pure gold, weighing rather more than two

ounces, which had been found in the gold mines of Barbacoas: this rare and fine specimen of the precious metal I purchased of him at the regular price of gold per ounce, and I was much pleased with my bargain. The lay of gold found in the mines of Barbacoas is from twenty-two to twenty-three quilátes, which is the second purest gold found in the mines of Columbia. I afterwards gave it to a friend in England.

The Spaniards, on their first visit to this place, carried off 3000 head of cattle and 500 mules. A country that could furnish such contributions must have been very rich! Even at this time, I did not observe any want of cattle on the pasture lands near the road.

We now took leave of the good people of Llano Grande, thanking them for their kindness, and wishing the town might flourish and prosper under the new government; on which they took off their hats and exclaimed, in an enthusiastic manner, "viva la Columbia, viva Bolivar", which made the doctor's eyes sparkle with joy, and I could see

the tears trickle down the good old man's cheeks, who could not find utterance for his words, being quite overcome by his feelings. I perceived at once the amor patriæ burning in his breast; no selfish motives had influenced his political conduct: the people were fully aware of his good qualities, and he was sincerely beloved by every one. We had afterwards a small party to meet us at dinner, and passed the day very agreeably. Our host had a tolerably good library and some French books, among which I found the amusing one of Les Causes Celebres. We walked over the farm-yard, and found every thing in excellent order: the agricultural department was managed by his sons. We saw plenty of fat pigs and a couple of peacocks, one of which had been in his possession thirty years. It was a singular circumstance that the pea hens always died. The doctor had a great desire to get some geese, never having seen any, and I promised to send him a couple from Bogotá.

The great source of amusement to Dr. Soto was

his garden, which was in the nicest order, having small artificial streams running through different parts of it, to convey water to the trees, plants, and flowers, at all seasons. He was a scientific botanist and florist, and piqued himself on having introduced some useful plants and trees into the valley of Cauca. The doctor pointed out to us the following, in his garden, all looking very healthy :—

The mango of Jamaica: the sago plant from Jamaica: the bread tree, from the South Sea Islands: the nispero, twice the size of a large strawberry, the taste of which resembled the quava jelly: the membrillo, very good in cases of dysentery; preserves are likewise made of it: the pita, like the pine, the seed of which, chewed, acts as a gentle purgative: the maragon, shaped like a pear; this fruit is excellent for preserves, resembling in colour a rosy apple; the seed is on the outside of the fruit; the peel of the maragon is an active caustic: camito, a large tree, the fruit nearly the size of a melon. All these trees bear fruit twice

a year. Sweet orange, lemon, chirimóyas, tamarind, and coffee trees; the coffee was gathered every morning from the tree, and roasted for our breakfast: the aguacáte, the fruit is of an olive colour, in shape like a large bottle, rich and oily, and oil is extracted from it: the sapota, its fruit is like the mango, sweet and of a fine flavour: mamei, a fruit from Columbia and the valley of Cucuta, sometimes the size of a boy's head, very sweet; preserves are made of it: three sorts of pine-apples and a variety of melons: plantains of St. Domingo, of Otaheite, of Acton, of Magrondo, of Azaranfado, of Mauteguillo, Negro, Guinea; from this last vinegar is distilled.

The doctor also informed me there were a great many wild fruits in the valley of Cauca, among them the madrona, colour yellow, its taste sweet, with a little acidity, the size of a cocoa-nut: the uchova, size of a cherry, amber colour, good as a preserve: the badéa, also sweet, with a little acidity, the size of a melon, colour green and yellow: cojorosos, a small wild cocoa-nut, the size of a

walnut, the kernel very pleasant to the taste: the agreasas, a small wild black grape, from which wine and vinegar are made; the juice extracted from the tree is taken as a medicine in bilious fevers. There were also in the doctor's garden a great variety of medicinal plants, whose qualities he appeared to understand perfectly. As much of his time was passed in collecting and cultivating herbs, he became a St. Luke in his neighbourhood, and was able to administer tam curæ corporis quam animarum. In this valley also they cultivate three sorts of Indian corn, and three sorts of tobacco.

I omitted to mention a plant called the colegal, which was in the doctor's garden; it bore a bright scarlet flower like a geranium, a decoction of which is an antidote to the bite of snakes. We were never tired of walking in this garden, and the doctor seemed much pleased at our taking so much interest in his trees and plants. He made us laugh heartily with an account of his manner of rejoicing, on hearing the news of the great victory obtained by Bolivar at Boyaca. He said, he determined that every

animal and bird belonging to him should get drunk on this glorious occasion, and he therefore gave his horses, cows, pigs, poultry, &c. as much of the juice of the sugar-cane as they could drink, and he said he was highly entertained at seeing the pigs jump about in the most frolicsome manner.

A fat ox, previous to the war, was not worth in the valley of Cauca more than sixteen dollars. The sheep lamb twice in the year. With respect to snakes, the doctor said they had one sort peculiar to the valley of Cauca, called the Jarruma; it is small, and exactly the colour of the tobacco-leaf when prepared for smoking; the bite is considered extremely venomous, but, fortunately for the inhabitants, this snake is rare, and also drowsy.

On Thursday, 2d December, we left the hospitable mansion of Dr. Soto, who, with his sons, insisted on accompanying us a league on the road. The doctor gave us an affectionate embrace, exclaiming in Spanish "I love the English nation most sincerely for their virtues and their bravery." I must say, I never saw a man who gained so much

on one's affections as this gentleman; his frankness and urbanity of manner were quite delightful. Poor Dr. Soto! I think there is but little chance of our meeting again in this world, as I heard, previously to my leaving Bogotá, that he was dangerously ill.

The rest of our journey this day Mr. Cade and myself passed in a pensive mood, until we arrived at the hacienda of Guavas, five Spanish leagues distant from the doctor's house. The proprietor of this estate was his nephew, to whom he had kindly given us a letter of introduction. His style of living was by no means equal to that of his uncle, but it was prudent to have a banyan day after the feasting of St. Jose. The situation of this hacienda was open, in the centre of a large fertile plain, with a fine stream of water near the house, in which we bathed early in the morning. Our landlord's mind was not quite so well cultivated as the doctor's; he asked a great many questions relative to England, and amongst others, whether we had any cats in our country; I assured him we had, and plenty of rats

and mice to amuse them. Another gentleman enquired of Mr. Cade, whether England was not divided from France by a high range of mountains.

We left this hacienda early, accompanied by the owner; and as we approached the town of Bouga, we observed country-houses at every mile and a half on the right and left of the road, and the population appeared considerable. Here and there were large enclosures, with strong bamboo fences round them, in which were growing the finest trees, apparently as if they had been planted to give effect to the scenery, and which gave to these fields the appearance of a gentleman's park in England. We passed also through a noble forest, well watered with clear streams. Here we saw some prodigiously large trees, whose wide-spreading branches covered a vast space of ground. One river, called the Hinatura, was pointed out to us, on the banks of which they wash for gold dust, but it is not procured in any great quantity.

On reaching the summit of a small hill about three miles from the town of Bouga, we saw to our

great astonishment the whole cabíldo (or corporation) headed by a band of music, and large crowds of people on foot, coming towards us. When they approached, a speech was addressed to me, welcoming our party to Bouga, to which I made a short reply, and we all rode into Bouga together; the mob at intervals hurraing and shouting "viva los Ingleses, viva la Columbia, y nuestro Bolivar." On entering the town the band struck up, and rockets and fire-works were let off in all directions. This kind reception was extremely flattering to Mr. Cade and myself, and our servants appeared to enjoy the fun as much as any of the party. The cabíldo conducted us to a large house, which had been prepared for our reception, and wine, cakes, and sweetmeats, were set out on the table. In a short time they retired, that we might repose after our journey, saying they should do themselves the honor of dining with me at four o'clock, and that a lady and six slaves were in the house to see we had every thing we required during our residence at Bouga. This was really

doing the thing comme il faut, and I began to think if we were treated in this noble and hospitable manner throughout the valley of Cauca, I should never get back to Bogotá.

At the last hacienda where we stopt I received a message from some of the inhabitants of Calli, stating they were exceedingly disappointed that I had not paid a visit to their town. I told their messenger, that I well knew how to appreciate the kindness of the good people of Calli, but that my time was limited, and that I could not possibly deviate so far from my road.

A considerable trade is carried on between this town and the port of Buenaventura on the Pacific. Going from Calli you travel two days by land, and then embark in a small canoe on the river d'Aqua, and in two days more you are at the port of Buenaventura, which is at present only a miserable village, with a captain who commands a small detachment of the military. The navigation of the river d'Aqua is dangerous, from its great rapidity and sharp descent and large rocky stones in the

bed of the river; but the negroes display great skill and dexterity in guiding their canoes through all these difficulties.

The port of Buenaventura is fine, and, I understand, capable of containing a great number of large vessels. Perhaps, ere long, the poor village of Buenaventura may become a commercial town of some consequence, when the communication with the interior is improved.

At four o'clock all the members of the corporation and some military gentlemen returned, and we adjourned into another apartment, where a sumptuous dinner was served, and I was obliged, agreeably to the Spanish fashion, to take the head of the table, having the mayor on one side and a Columbian colonel on the other. This was by no means a banyan day; the mayor was most vigilant in keeping my plate well supplied with good things. After dinner we drank a great many bumper toasts, and were as good friends as if we had been acquainted with each other for half a century. The effect of a few glasses of champagne

may be seen every day at cold formal dinner parties in this country. I have often sat by a lady who, for the first quarter of an hour, could only utter a short "yes", or "no", but a glass or two of sparkling champagne soon transformed the frigid fair one into a pleasant chatty companion.

The next morning at ten o'clock all the clergy, the júez politico (or chief judge), and the corporation, visited me in form, and until dinner-time we amused ourselves in walking about the town, which was well built, the houses generally low. There was rather a fine square in one part of the town. At four we went to dine with the chief judge, Señor Barcla. The party consisted of twenty-five persons; and if I may judge from these two dinners, the people of Bouga were determined to convince us that they knew how to live. I was introduced to Señor Barcla's wife and two daughters, the latter pretty lively brunettes; and we were very sorry to find they were not to be of our party at dinner, as it was contrary to etiquette here for ladies to dine with the gentlemen on these occasions. I was

obliged, as I had done before, to take the head of the table, but all the gratification I should have derived from the society and hospitality was alloyed by one of the alcalde's insisting on standing behind my chair, and waiting on me during dinner; and notwithstanding all my remonstrances I could not prevail on this gentleman to give up his menial duties. After the dinner was over, the alcalde retired into another apartment, where he got a hurried meal, and then joined our party. I suppose this is one of the abominable Spanish customs of etiquette, and the sooner it is got rid of the better; it ill suits the character of citizens of an independent government.

In the evening we walked about, visiting the Bouga ladies, with our friends, and were every where received with the greatest kindness; the only danger we had to encounter was the bewitching smiles and sparkling eyes of some of the Bouga belles. The women are small, well made, with regular features, and, in general, fine dark eyes: but their complexions are darker than those

of the ladies of Bogotá and Popayan. About nine in the evening we repaired to the large square, where a small balloon was let off, and more fire-works, as a compliment to us.

The population of Bouga, at this time, was computed at between 5000 and 6000 persons ; before the civil war it was much more numerous. The canton contains 20,000 souls. Most of the best houses in the town belong to gentlemen who have haciendas in the neighbourhood, where they reside for nine months in the year, and the other three at their town residences, following the example of our rich people in England. Christmas is the time when they come to Bouga to enjoy the festivities of the carnival. What is particularly pleasing in walking through the streets in this town, is a pleasant cool river, which descends from the Cordillera, to the eastward. In its limpid waters, ladies of the first rank bathe every morning, at five or six o'clock, during the summer season; and the first morning that Mr. Cade and myself went to bathe, we (shall I say unfortunately?) stumbled on a

groupe of these Naiads, and rather alarmed them, but of course we retired as quickly as possible, without stopping to ask, "do we intrude?" However, we could not help looking back, though we had been sure of receiving the punishment of Peeping Tom of Coventry; and we saw the fine long dishevelled tresses of these goddesses, who, in the bath, are clothed in light blue dresses. Bathing is considered by the inhabitants highly conducive to health.

As I before observed, the houses in Bouga are in general only one story in height, and most of them have long gardens, with orange, tamarind, and palm trees, which sometimes almost conceal the house. There are four churches, but all the monasteries have been suppressed since the revolution, and the government hold the estates that belonged to them. Bouga is situate near the top of a valley, formed by two lofty branches of the Cordilleras, which diverge toward the east and west; and the valley in that part is not more than three Spanish leagues in breadth, but on proceeding to

the north, it gradually expands. There is a public school here on the Lancasterian plan, at which eighty boys are educated. Excellent straw hats and beautiful artificial flowers are made in this town. The horses bred in this part of the valley of Cauca are in high estimation, and a great number are sent every year to Bogotá, and other provinces. We were told there was a great deal of gold in the river which runs through the town, but no one is allowed to go through the process of washing for it, lest the water should be rendered impure—an excellent regulation, which shows the philosophy of the inhabitants of Bouga, in preferring pure water to pure gold. The climate is warm. We found the thermometer at 80° in the middle of the day in the shade, but you have generally refreshing breezes from the north, and the mornings and evenings are delightfully pleasant.

Bouga is supplied with wine, spirits, and English goods (linens, cottons, &c.) from the town of Catana, which is the capital of the province of Choco. The communication between these places is chiefly

by small rivers, navigated by canoes; and in the short distance of land carriage, the goods are carried by men, or mules, over the mountains. Catana is situated on the large river Retratto; the boats get down in nine days to the mouth of the river, which empties itself into the Atlantic. The navigation up the stream is tedious, but not so bad as that of the river Magdalena, as there is less current, and not so many sand shoals. The mosquitoes are likewise not so numerous in the Retratto. Carthagena is the port to which the merchandise is sent from Europe, and then it is put on board a large boat, and conveyed to Catana. Bouga has also a considerable trade with the provinces of Buenaventura and Choco, in the supply of hung beef, for the slaves who work in the mines.

In this neighbourhood they have a spider called the caya, rather large, found in the broken ground and among the rocks. A poison is emitted from the body of this spider, which is so active that men and mules have died in an hour or two after the venomous moisture had fallen on them. The

guaga, an amphibious animal, is found in a large lake near the town; its colour is brown, with white spots on the sides. It is the size of a half-grown pig, and has the same sort of coarse hair. The guaga holds a high rank at the tables of the bon-vivants of Bouga. It has always two holes in the banks of the river to retire into from its enemies; one of them is generally stopt up with leaves. It is remarkable that the snake called the aquas is found in these holes, and that the guaga and aquas dwell together on the most friendly terms. The guaga lives on fish and roots. A small animal called the guatin is hunted here. It is the size of a hare, and its hair is of a light green, and coarse; it runs fast, and affords excellent sport to the hunters; its flesh is good for the table. The beaver and otter are found in abundance on the banks of the river Cauca. I had several skins of the latter, which were of a fine soft silky brown.

The above information respecting animals, &c., was communicated to me by Señor Vincente Ramilez,

chief alcalde of Bouga, who was a great sportsman. He related to me a curious occurrence that happened to himself, which seems to prove that fat resists the venomous bites of snakes. One day, shooting, he was walking through some long grass, when suddenly he was attacked by a large aquas, before he could get his gun up to shoot him; the snake gave him so severe a bite in the calf of his leg that the blood ran profusely down his stocking, but before he could repeat the bite, he shot him dead. He had nothing to put to the wound for nearly three hours until he got home, when he applied the seeds of the algala, which are an antidote to poison. Señor Vincente supposes that the fangs of the aquas had only penetrated the fat of the calf of his leg, which he conceived had saved his life. This gentleman was above six feet in height, and at this time at least sixteen stone in weight. The seeds of the algala are contained in a pod, something like that of a pea, and striped brown and white. Señor Vincente informed me, that

the people of the canton of Bouga are more industriously and morally disposed than their neighbours, and that in consequence of this their comforts are augmented. Seventeen slaves were emancipated the last year, the price of their freedom being defrayed by means of a fund established for the gradual emancipation of slaves who have married and become fathers of families, and have conducted themselves well. This may be a useful hint to our own colonists in the West Indies.

I remarked an ingenious way of carrying water from the river to the town of Bouga. Six large hollow canes are fixed on each side of a mule, which are filled with water, and bushes put on its surface to prevent the motion of the animal from spilling the fluid. The ladies here are remarkably prolific; we heard of fifty-one children who had been brought into the world by only three mothers, but some of them had died. One of these mothers had borne twenty-four children !!! Near the town was the large tamarind tree, the trunk of which was measured by Baron de Humboldt when he passed through

Bouga on his way to Quito, twenty-five years ago. Time, which spares nothing, has at last destroyed this fine old tree.

On Sunday after dinner we rode with the júez politico, Señor Vincente Ramilez, and a few other gentlemen, to see the lake of Bouga, which was about three miles distant from the town. Dispersed on each side of the road were numerous cottages neatly constructed of bamboo, situate in fields of sugar-cane, cocoa-trees, plantains, maize, &c.; the pasture grounds were generally stocked with fine fat cattle, and here and there the country was intersected with groves of tall majestic trees. The guadia (or tall bamboo) growing in clumps is a great ornament to the grounds in this neighbourhood; the branches are like the weeping willow. Imagine to yourself a bunch of ostrich feathers magnified, and the appearance of these clumps, with branches waving to the wind in every direction, seems to realize your fancy. Here we saw, for the first time, the large dark-green macaws with a scarlet head, in a wild state; they are rather larger than the scarlet

macaw, and their note is deeper. I brought one of them to England with me. Our ride did not repay us with a sight of the lake, in consequence of the waters being unusually high, and my friends entreated us to remain one day more with them, for the purpose of going the next day to the lake by another road, which would present but few obstacles to our approach.

In the evening we paid a visit to some young ladies, who shewed us some remarkably nice straw bonnets, interwoven with narrow silk riband which they had made. These bonnets were adorned with artificial flowers made by the same delicate fingers, which would not have disgraced the head of one of the first Parisian belles. After this, these young ladies gave ample proof that they could make use of their feet as well as their hands, and the rest of the evening was passed in Spanish country dances and waltzing.

This night a circumstance occurred which rather annoyed me, the death of a little playful animal

my favourite companion. I had with me a mico, a very pretty small monkey, which had been given me by the governor of the province of Popayan, and to prevent any thing happening to it, I had it fastened up in a corner of my bed-room, but as the nights were sultry, I slept with the windows open. In the night I heard an odd sort of noise, but being half awake paid little attention to it. When I got up in the morning, I was quite grieved to see my little favorite lying dead on the floor, and one side of his neck bloody. On shewing it to the slaves, they immediately told me that he had been killed by one of the large bats or vampires, which had sucked nearly all the blood out of the poor animal's body. This monkey had a very pretty countenance, and his great amusement was catching spiders, flies, and other small insects, which he devoured. The next night I kept the windows down, lest the vampire should have any curiosity to taste my own blood. I have always understood that these animals are as expert in drawing blood as a

skilful surgeon with a lancet, and during this operation they continue to fan their patient gently with their wings.

At Bouga large quantities of the quava jelly is made, which is sent to several provinces, as it is considered the best in Columbia. In all the valley of Cauca, I saw neither man nor woman with the goitre, or swelled throat. The palma Christi tree, from the fruit of which the castor oil is extracted, grows here in great abundance. The inhabitants are plagued with two sorts of the chinche (or bug), and if you scratch their bite, inflammation ensues. They are of a darker colour than the European bug, and run very fast. I saw several of them; but Bouga has the advantage of being free from fleas and niguas.

In the afternoon of the 6th of December I set out a second time to see the lake of Bouga with the companions of my former expedition. We found some parts of our second route extremely bad, and began to fear we should be obliged to leave the country, without seeing this fine expanse of water;

but by persevering we at last arrived on its margin. This cienaga (or lake) was certainly grand, but not to be compared to some of those we had crossed in our way from Santa Martha to the river Magdalena. In some parts we could see nothing but high reeds, which appeared full of wild fowl, as we saw flocks of them ascending and descending; among the number was the pato real (or royal duck). Here was also pointed out to me the black duck, which is nearly as large as a goose, and good for the table. It is entirely black, excepting a few white feathers in each wing. Among the inhabitants of this lake were the pato-cuchara (or spoon-bill); the white and blue heron; sarcetta (or small wild duck) with plumage of a variety of colours; pallaras, plumage white, black, and brown. All these after having afforded pleasure to the sportsman, are submitted to the dominion of the cook. We saw a bird called here gaceones, six feet in height, neck red, and bill black. This bird appeared to be the same as the capitan, which we had seen on the river Magdalena. There were the gallitas, which were small, of

a coffee colour, with red bill, yellow feet, and various other sorts, including the tribuí de la cienaga. I also saw in this ride a new parrot, called the cotamicha, head blue, body fine green, tail scarlet, rather small; and in the same tree a humming-bird, whose colours were beautiful beyond description. The sensitive plant is here in great abundance, growing about a foot in height with a small purple flower; the sheep are very fond of it.

We conversed with some persons fishing with nets in a small canal communicating with the lake of Bouga; their information was, that the magistrates allowed only a certain quantity of fish to be sold to the inhabitants of Bouga, because too much fish diet was considered injurious to their health. Perhaps these gentlemen, who formed the medical board, were partly led to this salutary conclusion from an apprehension, that too great a sale of fish might lessen the consumption of their own fat beef and mutton. We afterwards rode to the banks of the Cauca, which is here a fine river, but the water muddy, like that of the Magdalena. I saw a small cham-

pan on the other side, which reminded me of our severe pilgrimage up that river.

" Sweet are the fleecy moments, fly they must ;"

therefore, early on the morning of the 7th we had all prepared for leaving the hospitable town of Bouga, where they had taken such infinite pains to make our sojourn pleasant and agreeable. I shall always recollect with the warmest gratitude the attention and kindness shewn to Mr. Cade and myself. As the country-house of Señor Vincente Ramilez lay in our road to the town of Cartago, he insisted on our dining there, and with his friend the júez politico accompanied us to his mansion. All the other gentlemen rode with us a couple of leagues, and then returned to Bouga. On our road this day we saw a great many trees bearing the chirimóya fruit in a wild state ; a single wild chirimóya has been known to weigh an arróba (25lbs.). It is a very nice fruit, rather more acid than when cultivated in gardens, and is considered a good remedy in bilious fevers. Monkeys are very fond of

it. Señor Vincente pointed out to me the caucho tree, from which the Indians extract the juice, or rather gum, which when solid becomes Indian-rubber. There are a great many of these trees in the Cordilleras near Bouga. Our route lay through a very fine country, and the pasture lands appeared to be extremely luxuriant, and there was no want of cattle to consume the thick herbage. We arrived at the hacienda called Tapias, belonging to our friend the alcalde, at twelve o'clock, and at two were regaled, as usual, with all the luxuries of the valley of Cauca, and at four we bid adieu to our liberal host and his friend; the former took from his shirt a large emerald set in gold, which he insisted on my accepting as a small token of remembrance.

Our guide was a fine old man, who had performed the same office to the Baron de Humboldt in his journey through this valley; and a gentleman at Bouga having given me a beautiful and rare parrot, I thought I could not do better than commit the bird to the care of our old guide,

who was to accompany us to Cortago on foot. But pets and favourites generally come to an untimely end. We had preceded the guide, and one of my servants, on his joining us, informed me, to my great vexation, that the parrot was gone. The day being very hot, the old man had stopped by the side of the road, and taken the parrot out of the cage to get him some water; the moment his back was turned, a tiger-cat sprung on poor Polly and carried her off with the quickness of lightning. The poor old guide was greatly alarmed at having lost the bird; but as the man was not to blame, I could say nothing. This bird's plumage was of bright green, wings half red, throat and breast pink and white, tail scarlet, and the eyes a light blue. We passed through the village of Tapias, which was not more than a mile from Don Vincente's house, and it had, apparently, suffered much in the war, as some of the houses were still in ruins. At seven in the evening we arrived at the curé's house at Bouga la Grande; he was absent, being at another village for the celebration of a feast in honour of some saint. We

were glad to get to bed early, as the distance of this day's journey had been nearly eight Spanish leagues; and very early on the 8th we left Bouga la Grande.

At three in the afternoon we got to the hacienda of La Lacas. The country was rather more hilly, and not so fertile, but still furnished very good pasture. The number of cottages had diminished considerably in this part of the valley, which probably might arise from the scarcity of water, as this part of the Cordilleras to the eastward did not afford many springs or rivulets. The owner of this estate was in the house, although he generally resided at Cartago. We were received politely, but nothing offered in the way of refreshment; and I heard afterwards that he was considered in the country a very close-fisted gentleman, although particularly well-informed. He told us he had two thousand head of cattle on this estate, and complained exceedingly of some wild dogs which were running about the country, and had a few days before killed two dozen of his sheep.

We quitted Lacas the next morning early, the 9th, and arrived at the town of Cartago at four in the afternoon, all of us uncommonly fatigued from the heat of the day, and the distance of our journey; we had traversed again eight Spanish leagues, and we had been nine hours on our mules.

Our reception at Cartago was very different from that we had experienced at Bouga. Three or four gentlemen came out a short distance to meet us, and we were shown into an empty house swarming with cock-roaches, and left to our own resources. These, however, were ample, as I had a cook, money, and a market at hand. The country through which we passed was always pleasing to the eye of a traveller; we had the Cordilleras to our right overhanging the road, where the scenery was bold, and most striking; some of the mountains towering up to a prodigious height, and covered to their very summits with forests.

We were surprised to find some parts of the road in a very bad state, and scarcely passable, though there had been no rain for nine days. In the rainy

season we should certainly never have gotten across the country.

Here you frequently meet horses and mules without ears, and some with their ears lying flat on their necks; this is occasioned by an insect like a wood-louse getting inside them, which is as prolific as the nigua in the toes of the human species, and gradually devours the nerves of that organ. To prevent this, the muleteers rub the inside with hog's-lard, from which that insect is very averse.

In the valley of Cauca great use is made of the bamboo and cane. It serves for the building of houses, and the construction of a great variety of fences and frames for flower-beds. It is formed, too, into flutes and fifes; the former have a soft and melodious tone. It furnishes the inhabitants with drinking-cups, water-buckets, and bird-cages. It is made, also, into rafts for conveying cocoa down the rivers, chairs and bedsteads, blow-pipes and arrows. Ox-hides appear, also, nearly as useful for domestic purposes in Columbia, as the bamboo and

cane; as they make of them coverings for tables, sofas, chairs, bedsteads, doors, lasos, patakas (or square cases to carry luggage on mules). These patakas are much better than trunks; the baggage is kept very dry, as one case forms a cover for the other; two of these are a load for a mule. Large bottles, for wine, spirits, and chícha, are made of these hides; and they furnish a substitute, though a bad one, for wheel-barrows, when earth is to be carried away.

The town of Cartago is situate in a pleasant small plain; on the south are undulating green hills, which afford good pasture for stock of all sorts. Cartago is 4° 36′ north latitude. The population of Cartago is about 3000 souls; there are four churches, one of them belonging to the Franciscan friars, who have a convent, where ten of them are still resident. The thermometer in the winter at Cartago is 74°.

This town suffered much during the war, from being a thoroughfare, as four roads meet here; that

to the eastward is over the Quindio mountains into the province of Mariquito, and to Bogotá; to the westward, to the towns Citaria and Novita, in the province of Choco; to the southward, to Popayan, Las Pastas, and Quito; and to the northward, to the province of Antioquia. The population of the Canton is about 9000. You may travel to the northward for six days in the valley of Cauca, which has a fine river of the same name gliding gently through the vale. Unfortunately for the navigation between the province of Antioquia and the valley of Cauca, there are considerable water-falls soon after the river enters the defiles of the mountains which separate Antioquia from the Cauca valley, otherwise there would be a direct water communication for 1500 miles, to the mouth of the river Magdalena, as the Cauca enters the Magdalena a short distance below Mompox.

We regretted the loss of our little monkey, who would have had glorious sport, and been very useful in catching cock-roaches, emmets, spiders, and flies, which were in abundance all over the house,

and I could not sleep at night from their crawling over my face and hands; but still I preferred them to the fleas and niguas of Popayan. In our garden at this place, one of my servants killed a coral snake, a foot and a half in length. The belly was the colour of coral, the back a dark purple, with light blue rings round the body, about half an inch asunder. I believe I before remarked that the bite of this snake is extremely venomous. I found our old guide very communicative on the road. He spoke in high terms of the Baron de Humboldt, who appears to have been a universal favourite among the inhabitants of the valley of Cauca. The old man told me he had carried a curious instrument for the baron, such as he had never seen before or since, and that he was terribly afraid of falling down and breaking it. I suppose it was a barometer for measuring heights. As the old guide had been a fellow traveller with the baron, I thought it incumbent on me to give him some extra pay, and we parted most excellent friends.

The morning after our arrival at Cartago, we

received a visit from the júez politico, the alcalde, and some other great personages. Monsieur de la Roche, a Frenchman, who, having married a Cartago lady, had resided in the place nearly twenty years, and had a numerous family, was one of our visitants. We were amused, in talking French to M. de la Roche, to find he was constantly mixing Spanish words with his French, and he told us that he now found more difficulty in speaking his native language than Spanish. This gentleman then held the situation of administrador of tobacco, the salary of which, was, as he remarked, "pas grande chose."

We had some sad news from the júez politico, who informed us, that as the feasts were now going on at Ibegues, there would be no chance of any peons (or foot couriers) coming over the Quindio mountains for some time, and that our best plan would be to send a peon to the júez politico of Ibegues, stating what number of men and horses we should want to convey us and our baggage over the Quindio mountains. This plan was instantly

adopted, and the judge procured a trusty peon, to whom we paid eight dollars for carrying the letter to Ibegues, and said, I should have an answer in nine days. He smiled, and observed, "you are rather heavy, colonel, but I have particularly requested my friend at Ibegues, to procure for you two of the best silleros (or chairmen) in the town, and I can with confidence assure you, that they will carry you safely over the mountains." I thanked him for this attention, and told him that I was in hopes I should be able to ride over the mountains, but that if I found that impracticable, I should certainly walk; at this he laughed exceedingly. I added, that it was my firm determination not to ride on the back of a man, unless I was taken ill on the road, and in that case I must certainly be carried, not having a particular desire to be devoured by the tigers and other wild beasts which infest the forests in the Quindio mountains; and that I should request Mr. Cade and order my servants to adopt the same plan.

To be obliged to remain for at least fourteen

days in the dull town of Cartago, was certainly a trial of patience, particularly as I was anxious to get to Bogotá; but as there was no remedy, Mr. Cade and myself were determined to make ourselves as comfortable as we could, and to ensure this object, I desired the servants to wage an active war against the cock-roaches and other troublesome insects; for the former, we found, were devouring our boots and shoes, provisions, and every thing that came in their way.

As we found dinner-parties were not much in vogue at Cartago, I invited the júez politico and M. de la Roche to dine with us, and told the former, I should be obliged by his ordering some wine for the occasion; and the next day he sent some pleasant Spanish red wine from his own cellar. After dinner I enquired of M. de la Roche, how it happened that his fate had fixed him, for the greater part of his life, in so secluded a place as Cartago, when he immediately commenced his history. He said he was of a good family in La Vendée; that, like all persons in his province, he

had taken up arms; that in the unfortunate affair of Quibon, he was taken prisoner, but his life spared by a republican officer with whom he had formerly lived on terms of intimacy. That after this, he embarked for the Mauritius, with the determination of quitting "la belle France" for ever. On his voyage thither, the vessel put into Monte Video, and now finding himself in the country of whose silver and gold mines he had read much, and having studied mineralogy for his amusement, he determined to try his fortune in the New World. From Monte Video he went to Buenos Ayres, thence over the immense pampas (or plains) to Chili, from Chili to Sima, Quito and to Cartago, to examine some mines in the neighbourhood, but here, exclaimed M. de la Roche, "l'amour finit ma carrière," as he fell in love with his present wife, and had vegetated at Cartago ever since.

I had some conversation with M. de la Roche about the mines of Vega de la Supia, as I had heard them highly spoken of by some Columbian

gentlemen at Bogotá, and the Baron de Humboldt visited them in his travels in this part of South America, and on examining a specimen of these mines, he considered them rich in ore. M. de la Roche had the kindness to give me specimens of the mines of Sachafeute.—There is found in this river a mixture of gold and silver.

I understand that the mines in the neighbourhood of Vega de la Supia have not been worked for some years, and that some of the shafts are filled with water. The mines are the property of government and of private individuals, and will be soon worked by the agents of mining companies established in England. One serious obstacle to any undertaking in this part of Columbia is the dreadful state of the roads; but as regards climate, provisions, &c., I think the miners would get on tolerably well. M. de la Roche mentioned Captain Charles Cochrane of the R.N., having been at Cartago the year before, and that he had given him much information respecting the mines in the neighbourhood of Vega de la Supia.

On my return to Bogotá, I found that there was great anxiety on the part of some gentlemen, agents to large mercantile establishments, to purchase the mine of Sichapata, and I believe the house of Messrs. Goldsmidt and Co. succeeded in getting it from the Columbian government. There is no medical man at Cartago; perhaps it may be a problem, whether the mortality is greater or less in the place from this circumstance. Here I saw a few geese lately arrived from Carthagena. An arróba of bark is here worth three dollars; in exporting it to Jamaica, a profit of seventy per cent. may be made. A small quantity of cotton stuffs are manufactured in Cartago; the machinery appeared to me very clumsy. Lace is made here on a pillow with bobbins, similar to those used in the counties of Oxford and Buckingham. About a quarter of a mile from the town runs the river La Vieja, which has its source in the Cordillera to the eastward. The water is very cool. Mr. Cade and myself took an early bath in it every morning during our stay at Cartago. The river La Vieja is

navigable for small boats from the Cauca to Cartago. There are two sorts of fish taken in this river, the barbuda and the getudo; they resemble each other, but the latter has no whiskers, and is considerably more delicate for the table. A fat sheep is here worth nine shillings.

There are in Cartago a great number of slaves, negroes and negresses; the latter wear only a blue petticoat. Two or three of these negresses asked Mr. Cade to purchase them of their masters; others said they should purchase their liberty at the price fixed by the Congress, and then sell themselves again, and get a profit of one hundred dollars. We used to meet great numbers of them coming from the river with large pigs of water on their heads, walking in the most graceful manner, and as upright as darts. I have often thought that it would be an excellent plan for drilling young ladies, to make them carry a pig of water on their heads, and walk up and down the room for half an hour.

We paid a visit to M. de la Roche, and was introduced to his wife, who was still a very pretty wo-

man, although she had had a large family; they had ten children living. We then strolled about the town, and walked into one of the churches, where I found some negroes digging a grave for a mulatto woman; and in going to the other end of the church, we almost fell over the corpse, which was lying on a bier, without much covering, and two candles burning at each end of it. There was nothing remarkable in the church.

On my arrival at Cartago, I had mentioned to M. de la Roche, that if he should hear of any Indian curiosities to be sold, I should be glad to purchase them. Consequently, one morning he brought me an Indian idol made of clay, hollow, and with an ugly countenance, about eighteen inches in height, which had been dug up on the banks of the Cauca, two leagues from Cartago. M. de la Roche told me that the idol belonged to a poor woman, whose husband had found it, and that she allowed her children to play with it, who had broken off one of the feet. We went to the woman's house to ask what she would take for the clay idol, when she

modestly said two reals (tenpence), and her joy and astonishment were great, when I put two dollars into her hand, and carried off my prize, both of us highly delighted with our bargain.

The finding this clay idol on the banks of the Cauca, is an incontestible proof that the fine, fertile, and extensive valley of Cauca had formerly been inhabited by the Indians; and tradition says that previous to the conquest of the country by the Spaniards, the valley was covered with Indian villages and cottages; while at this time not one solitary Indian hut is to be seen! What a scourge these conquerors must have proved to the poor Indians to have so completely exterminated them from this large valley! Travelling through the country you may easily see the old narrow furrows on the land, a mode of cultivation peculiar to the Indians, and which is still practised by them in the neighbourhood of Popayan. I verily believe most of the Indians died in the gold mines of Choco and Buenaventura from the hard labour, and the severity exercised by their relentless and avaricious masters.

Las Casas (the great champion and friend of the Indians under Charles V.) may have occasionally exaggerated the cruelties of the Spaniards towards the aborigines of the country, but they certainly were as a pestilential blast to the poor Indians, whose constitutions were unequal to perform the task-work, and whose hearts were broken by the loss of their liberty.

M. de la Roche had also the kindness to give me a couple of small Indian ornaments made of gold, and a necklace of lime-stone, which he had found in an ancient Indian sepulchre in the mountain of Cucuana. He gave me in writing the following account of what he discovered in the graves of the Indians.

" In the mountain of Cucuana near the Paramo of Banegar, I met with a huaco (or ancient sepulchre) of the Indians, in which were two skeletons; one was in a sitting posture, and wrapped in a covering of palm which formed a pyramid: on the bone of the forehead was a plate of gold, which represented a sort of fleur-de-lis, and in the place of the

nose, were two rings of gold clasped in one another, of two inches diameter. The other skeleton, which by the ornaments appeared a female, was lying in a large sort of jar which served for a coffin. She had round the vertebræ of the neck eight beads of lime-stone, which appeared like marble, and formed a necklace, from which was suspended another plate of gold like the first, and on the bones of the arms were a multitude of small pearls which seemed to have been bracelets. In the nose was only one large gold ring, falling over the front teeth, and these, with the double teeth, were all in such perfect preservation as shewed the woman had died young. I also found here, joined to the first body, a piece of baked clay representing the expanded wings of a butterfly, broken off from its body; and recollecting that the Egyptians of antiquity represented the divinity with similar wings, to denote that it had dominion over the winds and inhabited the air, one can by analogy suppose, that this without doubt related to the religion of the Indians, and draw some inference as to their origin."

I have still the stone necklace, having given away the wings of the butterfly and gold ornaments. M. de la Roche stated to me, that a Spanish colonel sent to command in the valley of Cauca, carried off upwards of 400,000 hard dollars.

Persons in Europe, who receive presents of curious birds and animals alive, scarcely know how to appreciate their worth sufficiently; for when they come from the interior of South America, it requires infinite pains and trouble to save them, owing to the bad roads, and the great variety of climate you pass through.

We found the bread good at Cartago, as the flour is brought from Bogotá, over the Quindio mountains. Here we saw a carpenter making use of wooden nails made of a tree called grenadillo, whose wood is extremely hard and tough. The negroes are fond of the pulp that covers the seed of the fruit of the guava tree; numbers of these trees grow about here, with their fruit hanging down, of a dark colour, and in shape like a French bean. In my walks in the neighbourhood, I saw in the

small streams and ponds, plenty of wild duck, widgeon, teal and snipes. In one small pond, about two miles from the town, I put up more than thirty brace of snipes. They took very short flights and laid well, and we might have had excellent shooting, but I had given my friend Señor Vincente Ramirez the only two pounds of English gunpowder which I had left, which present, as he was fond of shooting, pleased him exceedingly.

Near our dwelling lived four young ladies with their mother, in a neat small house. They had a few acres of land, and kept a couple of cows, and we found them excellent neighbours; every morning the mother sent us a large bowl full of new milk. Common courtesy required that we should call to return thanks for the attention paid us; we found her living very comfortably with her four daughters and a little boy, the son of the second daughter. The three youngest daughters were very pretty girls, the eldest of them not more than twenty, with fine European complexions. I learnt their history from M. de la Roche, who informed me that they

were of the family of Caycedo, one of the richest in the valley of Cauca; that in the civil war, the husband of Señora Caycedo had lost nearly all his property, and that the widow had a small estate left which produced them four or five hundred a year, on which they lived. The second daughter had been seduced by a merchant under a promise of marriage, who was the father of the little boy we had seen. The widow's house was a capital lounge for my young secretary in a dull town like Cartago; occasionally I paid the ladies a visit, and found them very agreeable good-natured girls. In one of these visits I heard them whistle a trio remarkably well, and they all played on the Spanish guitar, accompanying the instrument with their voices, and sang Spanish songs with much taste. They possessed also another accomplishment, that of swimming well; we saw them all one morning swim across the river La Viega. Fortunately I had some books with me, otherwise I should have found some difficulty in getting through the fortnight we remained at Cartago.

The lower class play on an instrument here, called the alfandoki, which is made of the wood of a tree, called mano de leon, naturally hollow. They put into it small black seeds of a fruit named chakera; by shaking the instrument the seeds make a considerable, and not altogether disagreeable noise, and on this they accompany the guitar players. The carraska, on which they also play, makes a tremendous, and not a melodious noise. It is made of the wood of the black poplar tree, and large notches are cut on one side. The fiddle-stick is one of the ribs of a bullock, which is rubbed over the notches, and would, I conceive, in Europe, produce the same scene as the inimitable Hogarth has so well depicted in his Enraged Musician. The tiple is a small guitar played on at Cartago. I brought with me to England a very curious small harp, which was about three feet high, with three octaves of catgut strings. The sounding-board part was made of a whole gourd, large at the bottom and smaller towards the top, to which were pieces of wood roughly joined in the harp shape.

In the neighbourhood of Cartago were a great number of the large black ant, called the cazadores (or hunters); they are encouraged, as they kill the small snakes, toads, and other vermin, by stinging them to death. If a column of these black ants enter a cottage, the owners resign their habitation immediately, and wait until they pursue their journey, so much do they dread the sting of these ants. The black bears come frequently from the mountains into the plains, to feed on the fruit of the palm trees.

One morning early, we were much amused at seeing a small bird come into the room to attack the cock-roaches, which he darted on with great force, and perforated their bodies with his sharp bill, and flew away with them. The plumage of the bird was of a light brown, with a large black eye, and his note very sweet. I have observed nightingales attack black-beetles in this country, in nearly the same manner, having, at a gentleman's house, seen a jar of black-beetles emptied into an aviary which was full of nightingales.

On the 18th of December M. de la Roche dined with us again, and the next day we had the honor of dining with the júez politico, who proved to us that he knew how to live, by the display of a great many savoury dishes. Dr. Rodriquez (the name of the júez) shewed me the skin of a large snake which had pursued a negro-boy in the province of Choco for a considerable time, and the boy, finding the snake gaining on him, leaped into the river and dived under water. A negro, who was at work near the spot, heard the boy's cries, and ran to the river, when he saw the snake raising himself up in the bushes looking about for the young negro; he instantly attacked him with his long knife, and killed him. This snake was of the boa constrictor kind. There is a snake in the valley of Cauca which early in the morning cackles like a hen. The eldest daughter of the júez politico was a remarkably pretty girl, with fine blue eyes and light auburn hair, which I had not seen before in the valley of Cauca. She appeared to us a very sensible, modest girl.

After dinner, the wife of Señor Rodriquez asked me if I knew any thing of medicine, as her eldest daughter had been very unwell for the last twelve-months, and she should like me to prescribe for her, which made Mr. Cade laugh heartily. The disease of the poor daughter was disappointed love. She had formed a strong attachment to a European officer in the service of Columbia, who had been quartered at Cartago, but as he was only a soldier of fortune, the júez politico, who was a wealthy man, would not consent to the match; I felt much for the poor girl, whose health was suffering severely from this unfortunate passion. The next evening we saw a funeral with a drum and fife playing at the head of it, and in the great square the people were letting off fire-works. On enquiring the cause of this apparently anomalous conduct, it was explained to me that this was the funeral of a young girl, daughter of the brother-in-law of the júez politico, and that there are always public rejoicings when persons die young, on account of their having fewer sins to answer for. I saw the father of the

deceased girl the next day, who told me, with a smile, that his wife had just filled up the vacancy. The Creoles have a great share of philosophy in their composition. There were some rich men in Cartago. I heard that one had died a few months before, worth 200,000 dollars. The only stimulus to their exertions seems to be the amor nummi; and the only enjoyment of their gains, their hoard.

At last the glad tidings arrived from the júez politico of Ibaque, saying that he was making every exertion to procure the necessary number of silleros (or chairmen), peons, and mules, as he had received instructions from his government to afford us every assistance; and on the 20th of December, the men and mules arrived.

The júez politico called on me on the 21st, to say the peons would require one day's rest before they returned to Ibaque, and that they also required some time to purchase a few things for themselves. Some hours were passed this morning in weighing our persons. I weighed seven arróbas,

minus 5lbs., which is equal to 12 stone 2lbs.; Mr. Cade weighed five arróbas, (or 8 stone 8lbs.). We were much amused at the two silleros, who supposed they were to carry me over the mountains, eyeing me minutely all over; and when the júez politico asked them what they thought of their load, they replied that they could carry me very well, that they had carried much heavier men; and from what the júez politico had told them, they had expected to find the English consul-general (a title they always gave me) a much greater personage. We had four silleros, fourteen peons for the baggage, three mules besides our own, and a head man, who is a sort of commanding officer, but whose influence over the others is far from great. By the advice of Señor Rodriquez, we left Mr. Cade's gray horse behind, as the farrier had lamed it in shoeing. My silleros were to receive each sixteen dollars, Mr. Cade's and Edle's ten, and the peons nine each, and I promised them an additional reward if they

performed the journey well, and took care of our baggage.

The person employing the silleros and peons over the Quindio mountains, finds them in provisions, which consists of salt beef, pork, plantains, and rice, in certain proportions to each man. We were glad to hear from Señor Rodriquez, that these carriers were of a very different character from the rascals who are employed in poling the champans up the river Magdalena. I was fully convinced that they might be better, but could not possibly be worse. The machine on which they carry the baggage, is a sort of frame of bamboos, about three feet long with a cross piece at the lower end, on which they put their load. It is secured with straps made of the bark of a tree, which first cross the burthen, then go over the shoulders and across the breast of the peon; another strap passes over his forehead, which is fastened to the top of the bamboo at the back. They are careful to put a pad between the strap and the head, and between the chair and the

loins, to prevent chafing. They are naked, excepting a handkerchief tied round the middle. The sillero on which they carry people, is much the same as the silla de cargo above described for baggage, excepting that the sillero has rests for the arms and a step for the feet. The usual load of a peon is about 100lbs., but many carry a greater weight, and some have been known to carry eight arróbas (or 200lbs.). With these weights they climb the mountains with the greatest ease, and seldom stop to rest. We found the júez politico particularly kind and attentive in seeing that every thing was properly arranged for our passage over the mountains, and he exhorted the peons to conduct themselves well during the journey.

On the morning of the 22d of December, we were all in readiness to leave Cartago, and previous to our departure, I desired my servants not to think of being carried by the silleros unless they were taken ill on the road, which order I had the satisfaction to find was strictly obeyed. Having taken

leave of the júez politico, M. de la Roche, and two or three other gentlemen, not forgetting the female whistlers, we commenced our journey for the Quindio mountains at nine in the morning, all mounted on mules, as I was resolved to ride as far as I could. For about three quarters of a league the road was very tolerable, but after that it became so desperately bad that I was obliged to dismount, and wade through the mud in a pair of jack-boots and large spurs, to the no small amusement of the peons, but at the expense of a great deal of my own fat. The descent on mules from some of the heights was an undertaking replete with danger, from their excessive steepness and the slippery state of the mule track. The mules take every precaution, and seem to know the danger they incur in descending these heights, for they inspect the road narrowly before them, and then place their fore-legs close together, and slide down on their hams, in a manner which scarcely any one but an eye-witness would credit. All that the rider has to do on these occasions is, to keep himself well back in his saddle, and trust to

Providence and the mule to prevent his being dashed to pieces by going headlong into some frightful abyss.

At three in the afternoon we arrived on the banks of the river La Vieja, at a solitary house, where we were to remain for the night. I was much fatigued with my walk this day, having been so ill equipped as a pedestrian, and the heat was excessive, as we had ascended but little from the valley of Cauca. Mr. Cade contrived to ride a mule, being so much lighter than myself. We were annoyed all night by mosquitoes, the house being built close to the banks of the river. We found from the state of the road or mule path that there had been a considerable fall of rain in the mountains lately, although we had had fine weather at Cartago, and this was confirmed by the peons who had crossed the mountains from Ibaque.

We rose early on the morning of the 23d of December to proceed on our journey, and I was now well prepared for walking over the Quindio mountain. I had on my feet a pair of alborgas (or

sandals), which I had bought at Cartago, made of the bark of a tree, which cover the soles of the feet and part of the toes, and are fastened behind with two strings which come over the instep; no stockings, as I should have lost them in the mud; loose white trowsers, shirt, waistcoat; a straw hat with a very broad brim; and a long strong stick with a sharp point to assist me in getting over the rocks and deep muddy holes, completed my equipment.

We found the roads this day in the same dreadful state. I got into two or three sloughs, out of which the peons were obliged to drag me, and I began to be apprehensive lest I should not have sufficient strength to accomplish my undertaking of walking over these mountains; but as long as I could move a leg, so long I was resolved to persevere in my determination. We remained to rest ourselves at the ruins of a small village called La Balsa, which are the last dwellings seen by the traveller until he arrives near Ibaque. For four days you travel through a part of the Quindio mountains named La Trucha, which is a muddy, miry country; after that you get to a

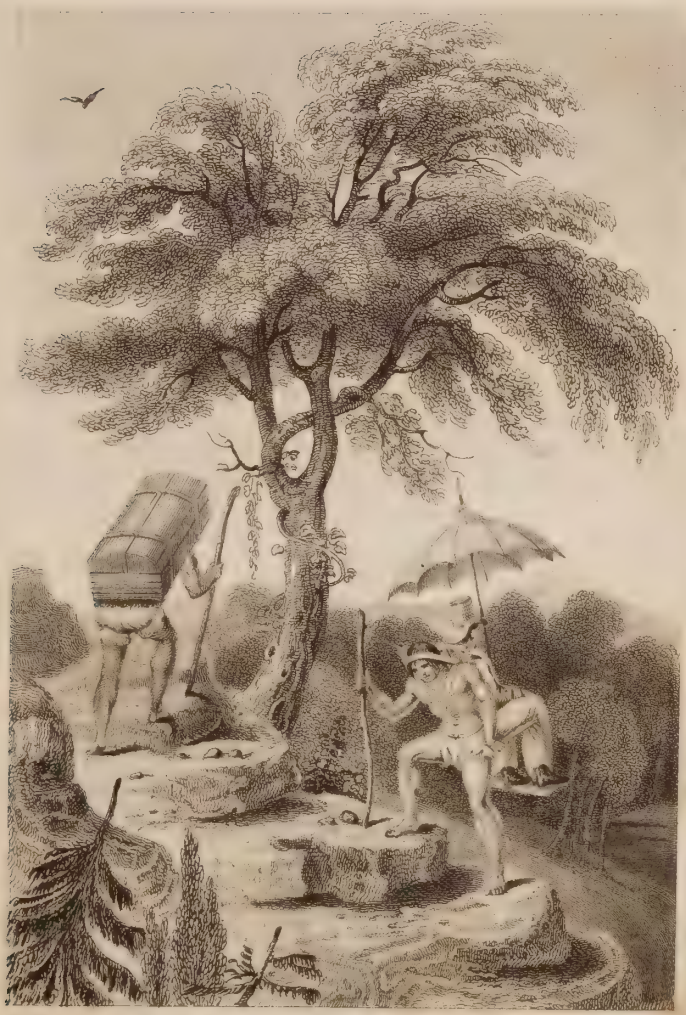
firmer soil, where the mountain-path is rather better. We found the water excellent in these mountains, very clear and deliciously cool, and the climate is considered extremely healthy. We slept at a place called El Cuchillo, where we found the small tent given to me by Señor J. Mosquera very useful; it was just large enough for Mr. Cade and myself to sleep in. The peons made a sort of shed called ranchas with large plantain leaves, which they brought with them for that purpose from Cartago; this covered themselves and our servants.

We started from El Cuchillo at six A.M. the 24th of December, and arrived at a place called Portachilo at three o'clock. This day I lost my footing twice, and in one of these falls shook myself a great deal; but by practice I had much improved in stepping from one small ridge to another, to avoid the deep pools which had been made by mules and oxen, and I found the alborgas much better than shoes to walk over this deep and slippery country. To see the cargeroes go along over these vile roads with their heavy loads on their backs was quite surprising:

nothing but long use could have so well trained their bodies to this dangerous and laborious work. We were told they begin when boys to carry a small load, which is increased as they grow older. In some places large trees had fallen, and were lying parallel with the road, and to avoid the deep mire I have seen the peons skip along the trunks of them with as much firmness as if they had been walking over a bowling-green. My two silleros were faits à peindre, from their fine figures; one of them had a very handsome and intelligent countenance, and was a pleasant good-humoured fellow about thirty. He told me that he had had the honor of carrying over these mountains the wife of Colonel Ortega, who was now governor of the province of Popayan, and that he never made one slip the whole way. The júez político of Ibaque, in talking afterwards of these men, said that they seldom lived beyond forty years, being generally carried off by the bursting of a blood-vessel or by pulmonic complaints; and like most men who work hard and gain much money at the time, they do not like to resume their labours

until they have got rid of their earnings in drunkenness or dissipation. There are between three or four hundred peons at Ibaque, who subsist entirely by carrying persons and baggage over the Quindio mountains. It is to be hoped that the government will improve the roads over these mountains, so that persons may be enabled to travel safely on mules, for it is really disgraceful for the human race to be debased, by doing the work that ought to be performed by brutes. I have been told that the Spaniards and natives mount these chairmen with as much sang froid as if they were getting on the backs of mules, and some brutal wretches have not hesitated to spur the flanks of these poor unfortunate men when they fancied that they were not going fast enough. In travelling one after the other the cargero who leads whistles every five or ten minutes, to let the others know the way which he is going, and that all is well.

All our party were ready to start early in the morning of the 25th of December from Portachilo. We had kept up good fires all night to keep off the



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tigers and protect our mules, as they are sometimes very bold in their attacks on these animals; we heard them roaring frequently during the night, and a dismal howling was kept up by the red monkeys; added to this was the loud screeching of some night bird, all which formed a serenade by no means pleasing to the English ears of Mr. Cade and myself. This day we passed over the same deep country, surrounded with gloomy forests ascending gradually towards the summits of this branch of the Andes, and in a few places where there were openings we had views of the mountains on our right and left, some of whose tops were concealed in the clouds. Mr. Cade persevered in riding, although he had two or three falls from his mule; the servants occasionally rode their mules and walked great part of the way. I found I was becoming a good traveller on foot, although my feet were rather sore from being unaccustomed to sandals, and I had received numerous blows and rubs against stones and roots of trees. We saw some curious birds in the trees, some with brilliant plumage which were new to us,

one was the size of a pheasant, with a long bill and dark blue plumage. The peons told me that these forests abounded with birds which were never seen in the valley of Cauca or in the provinces of Mariquito or Neyva. What an occupation in these mountains for the scientific and active ornithologist! and I have no doubt but the botanist would be equally repaid for his labours; but the naturalist must make up his mind to endure many hardships and privations.

One of the silleros killed this morning with his spear a beautiful bright-green snake, eight feet in length; it was sleeping two or three yards from the path. The peon told me that this species of snake grew to a great size, and that they frequently had seen them in the trees hunting after birds and small animals. The bite of them is not venomous. We arrived at a sleeping place at three o'clock, on a flat situation on an eminence, which had been cleared away by the peons; there was grass for the mules and water near it.

I was much tired with my walk to-day, and obliged to rest by the side of the road several times. When

we left Cartago, Edle, the cook, had his legs much swollen with some sores on them; but from the climate becoming cooler as we ascended the mountains, the thermometer here was 64°, his legs were getting well, and the swelling had subsided. Our peons conducted themselves remarkably well, and I promised them twenty dollars extra if this good conduct continued until we arrived at Ibaque. Our four silleros had no loads, so they kindly assisted the other peons in carrying our baggage. Some of them, like the cunning Æsop, had taken heavy loads of provisions, for which they had an extra price. After two or three days these fellows went dancing along with their diminished load, as our consumption had much lessened our provisions. One of the peons pointed out to me the palma de la cera (or wax tree).

This being Christmas-day, Mr. Cade and myself took an extra glass of punch, to drink to the health of all our friends in England. We did not forget our servants, who did the same, and seemed very happy with the peons. I cannot say that we passed a very

merry Christmas in the Quindio mountains, but we were all fortunately in good health and not bad spirits, hoping soon to get to Bogotá, and hear of our friends in England. I had not received a letter from my family since the beginning of May, just eight months. We had now passed the Trucha, and got to a soil more firm and solid; and having ascended considerably, the views became more extensive. The mountains were clothed as far as the eye could reach with immense forests, into which man had never penetrated, excepting by this almost impassable road. In the evening I walked down with two of the peons to a stream of water at the bottom of the hill, and one of the men pointed out to me a large jaquar that was drinking about 200 yards from us. The jaquar looked at us for two or three seconds, and walked quietly into the forest, which movement I much approved of, as we were unprovided with lances or fire-arms. One of my silleros complained this evening of being unwell. I wished to give him some medicine, but he declined taking it; finding him well the next day I enquired

what remedy he had taken, he replied, sugar and water, which was a certain cure for all diseases. The European doctors will, I think, hardly acquiesce in this theory.

On this day we passed the river Quindio, which running in a southerly direction falls into the river La Vieja. We found the nights cold and the blankets very comfortable, in our little tent. Left our sleeping place at six A.M. the 26th of December, and now we began to ascend rapidly. Early in the morning, we saw many wild turkeys, and had we been provided with our guns and ammunition we might have procured for ourselves two or three good meals, as the birds would have kept well in this cool climate; but a traveller going over this rugged and difficult country has only one object in view every day, which is, to get to his journey's end, particularly when he is forced to tramp on foot. One of the silleros pointed out to me the tracks of some tigers' and black bears' paws, one of the former was very large and fresh, and I kept a sharp look out as we passed some of the dark defiles in these

mountains, that we might not be surprised by these visitors.

We arrived at our sleeping-place a little before three, which I always hailed with much satisfaction. We had got rid of most of the deep sloughs, but in lieu of them had large rocks and stones to scramble over, and the sharpness of the ascent made walking hard work; and from the rarified state of the air I found a difficulty in breathing. Those peons who carried baggage which was not to be unpacked, laid it in an evening in a sloping direction, and covered the trunks with plantain leaves, which will throw off a great deal of rain. Hitherto we had been so fortunate in the weather as to have had scarcely a drop of rain since we entered the Quindio mountains, while the week before, the peons said, it had rained every day as they were on their way from Ibaque to Cartago. From this place we had a fine view of the mountain of Tolema, some leagues to our left, whose summit is the shape of a cone, and is always covered with snow. This is the mountain I mentioned before, as being visible from Bogotá early in

the morning. I believe its height is not known, but it must be very great to be seen at so many leagues' distance.

Left our sleeping-place at half past six A.M. the 27th of December, and by eleven o'clock we had crossed the Paramo on the summit of the Cordillera, which is 13,000 feet above the level of the sea, and now began to descend rapidly. The ascent for the last two leagues had been very steep, and I had gone so much in advance, accompanied by my two silleros, that we arrived three quarters of an hour at our resting-place, on the other side of the Paramo, before Mr. Cade with the servants and peons. The silleros paid me a handsome compliment on my walking so well, which they had never seen a gentleman do before. This great, and perhaps it may be called imprudent, exertion nearly brought me to a stand-still, some biscuit and a glass of rum and water however revived me, and I reached our halting-place at three in the afternoon quite done up. Near the summit of the Andes we saw on the road the tracks of the danta (or wild ass); the hoof of this

shy animal is divided like that of a pig; they are only found on the summits of the Andes, and it is very seldom that the Indians are able to approach one of them sufficiently near to kill it. The peons described its colour as dark-brown, that it is very swift of foot, and rather larger than a full-grown donkey. One of my silleros gave me a piece of frankincense that he had gathered from a tree which is called the patilla; the colour is that of amber, and the smell very fragrant. Quicksilver has been found in the mountain near Ibaque. The leagues from the summit of the Cordilleras to the eastward are measured, and the number carved on a wooden post.

Nothing could be more grand and sublime than our views when we arrived on the Paramo, and when we were descending. We were able to see the Cordilleras next to the province of Choco, which must have been seventy or eighty miles distant. The eye comprehends at one view these immense mountains, and as the traveller observes their apparently perpendicular sides and thick gloomy forests, he imagines that it must be impossible for him to traverse

them, for the narrow mule-path which goes winding round their steep sides cannot be discerned; but the perseverance of man overcomes the most formidable obstacles of Nature. However, in these roads on the Quindio mountains, Nature is fast resuming her former empire, and if the government does not shortly take some means for improving this passage, it will be soon only passable for wild beasts.

All our servants and peons were ready to leave this resting-place at half past six on the 28th of December. The water which we drank the preceding evening was so cold as to give pain to the teeth. Mr. Cade still persevered in riding his mule, although the animal had fallen, or he had been knocked off its back by the branches of trees, six or seven times; for in the very narrow deep defiles, the trees have fallen across them, leaving scarcely room to ride under them, unless by stooping as much as possible. This gentleman escaped all these dangers with only a slight cut on the side of his head; and soon after his arrival at Bogotá, as he was

riding on the barouche-box of the consul-general's carriage, was overturned in a narrow road, and had one of his legs broken in two places. In some parts of the road the deep dark galleries which we passed through were not more than three or four feet wide, and frequently near two miles in length. On the sides of them the vegetation is most luxuriant; and a person riding through these nearly dark passages must be on his guard continually, to prevent his legs being bruised by pieces of rock which project into the road, and his eyes scratched out by the long thorns of the bamboo, or else, being knocked off his mule by the branches of trees. In these situations it is far preferable to walk. Sometimes great inconvenience and delay is experienced by the peons, when two parties happen to meet in one of these dark long defiles, particularly when they have oxen or mules with them, and then they have violent disputes as to who is to back the cattle. We met one party of peons this day, with oxen, going to Cartago with salt. Their cargoes are small, and they are fixed on the back

of the oxen in such a manner as to enable them to pass through these narrow places. They carry from eight to ten arróbas of salt, and from their strength get through the deep places, where the mules cannot.

About two o'clock in the afternoon we arrived at a tambo (or shed), built for travellers, which we were all glad to see, as it gave us some small idea of civilization. We had now descended considerably towards the plains of Ibaque, and again found the climate warm and comfortable.

Off early in the morning of the 29th from this tambo, and I now found the walking easier, from having almost constantly a descent and from the improvement in the roads, which on the eastern side of these mountains are much better than on the western. This day we saw a great variety of butterflies, and some of them of a prodigious size, with brown wings and orange-coloured spots; also a great many of the red monkeys, skipping from tree to tree, and frequently they would come and look at us and make grimaces.

This day we crossed the river St. Juan, which

taking a south-easterly course empties itself into the great river Magdalena in the province of Neyva. Close to the road they showed us two chalybeate springs, the one very hot, the other tepid; the peons said there was much sulphur near these springs. We were all now in high spirits at the thoughts of soon arriving at Ibaque, and finishing this fatiguing journey; the peons informed us we should certainly be there the next afternoon.

About twelve o'clock, I heard one of the servants exclaim that he saw a cottage. Immediately all eyes were strained to catch a sight of it, with the same avidity that passengers cooped up on board ship look out for land. Soon after this came we to a field of Indian corn, and at one o'clock arrived at a place called Morales, where this solitary cottage was situate, and where we were to take up our quarters for the night. We had gone this day four Spanish leagues (eighteen miles); it was high time for me to arrive at Ibaque, as my alborgas were wearing out, and both my heels much cut with the strings. As soon as we got in, Edle

purchased two fowls of the woman who lived at the cottage, and with the addition of potatoes, a great luxury, we made a famous dinner. Edle killed another coral snake on the road this morning. Our poor peons were as gay as larks this evening, amusing themselves by dancing with two mulatto girls of the cottage, and playing on the guitar with the noisy caraska. We preferred sleeping in our tent to taking up our quarters in the cottage.

At seven in the morning we left Morales, all impatient to get sight of the town of Ibaque and the plains of the province of Mariquito; when we arrived within a league and a half of the former place, we had a charming view of the town and the fine plains, which extend to the river Magdalena. At a great distance might be seen the mountains which run towards Bogotá, flanking the river of that name. The descent to the town of Ibaque is uncommonly steep, and must be an extremely difficult road for the mules to ascend and descend in rainy weather.

We were particularly fortunate in the passage of

the Quindio mountains, as during our nine days' travelling we had not had one drop of rain. Just before we reached Ibaque, Mr. Cade got into one of the chairs of the silleros to try how he liked the position, and the sillero ran off with him with as much ease and facility as if he had been only a butterfly on his shoulder. Mr. Cade told me he found it very comfortable. I was much pleased to think we had performed this journey without any one of the party being obliged to employ the silleros. We were very kindly received by the júez politico of Ibaque, Señor Ortega, brother to Colonel Ortega, governor of the province of Popayan, and took up our quarters in a large empty convent which had formerly belonged to the order of Franciscan friars, and which appeared as a palace, after the vagabond life we had led on the mountains. Señor Ortega requested we would not think of providing ourselves with any thing during our stay at Ibaque, and acquainted us that he would have the pleasure of dining with us at four o'clock, and bring a friend.

We now made ourselves comfortable. We had

not shaved for nine days, and having finished my pedestrian career, I put on a more substantial dress. An excellent dinner was sent to the convent, and a medical gentleman from Europe, whose name I forget, came with Señor Ortega to partake of the repast. This gentleman was going into the province of Choco to examine some of the gold mines, particularly those where the platina is found. The largest piece of platina ever discovered was given by Señor Iquacio Hurtado to the Spanish general Morillo, in 1815, when at Bogotá. This specimen was in shape like a strawberry, and weighed nineteen ounces ; it was found in one of the gold mines of the province of Choco, and was sent by General Morillo to the king of Spain.

The next day I paid all the peons, and made a present of the twenty dollars as the reward of their good conduct, and we parted as the best of friends. I also made a favourable report of them to the júez politico.

The second night of our sleeping in the convent, I was awoke by my bed rocking under me, and

every thing shaking in the room. I called out to Mr. Cade, who was sleeping in the same apartment, asking him whether he felt the motion; he replied, he was sure it must have been the shock of an earthquake. Finding all quiet for some time afterwards, I fell asleep again, but Mr. Cade told me he could not close his eyes for the remainder of the night, expecting the old convent to come tumbling over his head. In the morning we enquired of the júez politico respecting the motion we had felt, who informed us there had been a severe shock of an earthquake, and that many of the inhabitants had been so much alarmed by it, that they ran out of their houses, and remained for some time in the streets. He further stated, that they had felt a great many slight shocks for the last two months, and that they expected some unusual convulsion of nature, as the weather had been particularly sultry for three months, and they had had scarcely any rain in the province for the last six months, which had occasioned much distress and misery among the lower classes, their crops having been burnt up.

All the higher classes at Honda had left their houses at this time, and were living in cottages on the hills, so much did they dread the consequence of these repeated shocks. Mr. Cade and I congratulated ourselves that we had escaped being buried in the ruins of the Franciscan convent. I had once before felt a slight shock of an earthquake at Messina in Sicily, but not so violent as this at Ibaque.

Talking one day to Mr. Riviero, director of the National Museum, of the shock we had felt in the convent at Ibaque, he told me he had recently received a letter from the priest of that place, an avaricious and ignorant man, requesting to know what means he had best adopt to put a stop to earthquakes, as he was much alarmed at their frequency! The climate of Ibaque is very pleasant, the thermometer being on an average throughout the year, in the middle of the day, 74°. There are in this Cordillera, at no great distance from Ibaque, the bocas de monte (or craters), which are

always kept open by the inhabitants to prevent earthquakes.

The Franciscan convent in which we were living, and the estates belonging to it, had recently been appropriated to the formation of a public college, and the head of the college was shortly expected here to make the necessary arrangements for the establishment of this useful institution. This college was to be on the same plan as those of Bogotá, for the education of young men of the valley of Cauca, of the provinces of Mariquita and Neyva, and some parts of Choco and Antioquia. The situation of Ibaque was central, provisions abundant and cheap, and the climate one of the healthiest in Columbia; these advantages had induced the government to establish the college at Ibaque.

General Santander, the Vice-President, and Dr. Rastrapo, the Minister of the Interior, deserve infinite praise for their indefatigable exertions to extend learning and knowledge to all classes, in every department of the state, by the establishment of

colleges, schools and seminaries in the most eligible situations; and the wealth and riches which were for centuries appropriated to enable a set of monastic idlers to lead indolent and luxurious lives, will now be expended in supporting these useful institutions, to which all classes of citizens belonging to the state are admissible; to the latter of them without any expense to their parents. In this instance, Columbia has set a noble example to the other independent South American states, and it is to be hoped it will be followed by them, and the same plan adopted for creating revenues.

Of all useless members of society, I consider friars the most so; and not unfrequently they are restless, intriguing, and dangerous to the government they live under if they fancy they are thwarted in their views and schemes. History proves to us, that the most active ambition has sometimes lain concealed under the cowl. The extraordinary ascendancy obtained by the order of Jesuits all over Europe and the New World, is a

remarkable instance of what can be accomplished by a set of men whose minds and bodies are at the absolute disposal of their superior, and who possess none of those ties in society which influence the conduct and actions of other men. It is, I think, to be regretted that this order, which had been banished from all the Catholic states in Europe and America, should again be gradually obtaining an ascendancy in some parts of Europe; and I conceive education could be carried on in all countries without the assistance of the Jesuits, who will probably again abuse the power and influence which they are sure to acquire over the minds of their pupils.

The peasantry of the province of Mariquita are good horsemen, and their canton can muster on extraordinary occasions 2000 men, well mounted and armed with lances, many with carbines, and all having the manchette, which in close combat becomes a formidable weapon. The inhabitants of Ibaque are skilful in killing the condour, eagle and

vulture, with poisoned arrows blown through the bodiquera (or blow-pipe). To accomplish the destruction of these voracious birds, they build a small shed with holes in the side, and at a proper distance carrion is placed. When the birds are feeding they are shot with the poisoned arrow, the bodiquera being placed at one of the holes in the shed. The stratagem has this advantage, that the birds of prey are not alarmed with any noise, as would be the case in using fire arms. The peons say, the birds when struck with the arrow, seldom fly more than a few yards before they fall dead. They told me there were eight different sorts of tigers, leopards, panthers, and tiger-cats in the Cordillera which stretches from Popayan towards the province of Antioquia, one nearly black, another red, and one of a lighter colour with white spots. I have myself seen the skins of five different sorts of the feline race.

Having remained two days at Ibaque to rest ourselves, during which time we received every possible attention from Señor Ortega, we left that town early

on the 2d of January 1825, and I had now the pleasure of mounting a horse, which I was recommended to ride, as our road lay over extensive plains. No boys, just arrived at home for the holidays, and mounting their favourite ponies for the first time, could enjoy a ride more than Mr. Cade and I did. We cantered merrily along nearly the whole distance, five Spanish leagues, of this day's journey, passing through a fine grazing country, well stocked with cattle, but apparently rather deficient in water, which might be owing to the long drought they had experienced in this province. We saw two or three large haciendas near the road, one of which had been recently purchased by my friend Colonel Ruis, the senator, now residing at Bogotá.

We halted for the night at the house of a widow, who informed us that the inhabitants who resided near the river Magdalena were in great distress, as the last harvest had entirely failed from the want of rain during the usual season, but within twenty miles of the Cordillera of Quindio they had

been more fortunate, and had had moisture sufficient to save the crops of Indian corn, and a fair proportion of plantains. We purchased a fat kid from our hostess, which was nearly as good as a lamb.

At six A.M. on the 3d of January, we left this station, and at three in the afternoon we arrived at the small village of Valtequi, on the right bank of the river Magdalena, a few leagues below the place where we had crossed it in the beginning of September on our way to Popayan. We were as glad to see the old river Magdalena as we had formerly been to take leave of it; in short, we were in the best humour with every thing, from the reflection that we should soon finish our toils and labours.

Shortly after our arrival at Valtequi, news was brought me that one of our baggage mules was missing, and on examining the others, we found the stray one to be that which carried all the curiosities we had collected. I was in sad dismay at this discovery, and sent the peons and two of our servants on the other side of the river to endeavour to find it, and two or three hours after, our

lost mule was brought with all the baggage safe, which put me once more in good spirits. The mule had taken a wrong turn on the road, and had travelled on until it came to the river Magdalena, where it stopped, and was found. It was extremely careless of our servants and peons not to have missed the mule until they were swimming them over the river, as if any of the Bongo fellows had unfortunately seen it in their passage up or down the Magdalena in their champans, they would have carried off the load, and I should never again have seen my curiosities.

We took up our quarters at the house of the priest of the parish, a Franciscan friar, who received us well, and invited us to partake of what he had. He told us his parishioners had suffered greatly from losing their crops of maize, and that he had been obliged to send to Ibaque, distant ten leagues, for provisions. We found the heat exceedingly great at this place, the thermometer being above 85° in the shade at three o'clock. We drank here a great deal of chicha, and found it agree very well with us;

we therefore set it down as a wholesome beverage. Our host belonged to the Franciscan convent at Bogotá, and was a great friend of the superior, Father Candia, who treated us so kindly when we went to see the waterfall at Tequendama. He told us he had lately sent the superior a present of a fat pig.

We left Valtequi the morning of the 4th of January for Tocayman, and had a particularly pleasant ride by the side of a small river, which is shaded on each side by the foliage of noble trees. We saw a buck pass close by us across the road. Previously to our leaving Valtequi, the friar had desired us not to drink any water on the road, as these waters were considered very unwholesome. I gave this advice to our servants, but Edle imprudently disregarded it, and having indulged in a draught of this bad water, slept a short time exposed to the sun, and was taken ill. We arrived once more at the house of the old miserly priest we had before visited, who affected to be glad to see us, but took good care to offer us no refreshment. A sort of low fever continued to annoy Edle for nearly a month after our

arrival at Bogotá, and I was afraid it might prove fatal to him. Our friend the commandant called on us, and congratulated us on our safe arrival at Tocayman, bringing with him the bone of the mammoth he had promised to keep for me. He told me some gentlemen had been anxious to get it from him, to place in the national museum at Bogotá; but that having promised it to me he could not possibly accede to their wishes, for which handsome conduct I expressed my best thanks. We saw nothing of the old priest, who, as usual, shut himself up in his room to eat his solitary meals, and feast his eyes on his riches. We had a most comfortable and refreshing bath in the evening in the river Bogotá. It was quite distressing to hear the accounts of the sufferings of the lower classes in this district, and I have no doubt but that some must have perished from starvation.

We quitted Tocayman early on the 5th of January, and in our way to La Mesa called on the good old priest at the village of Arapoyma. We were shocked to find the good man in a deranged state,

and his housekeeper told us he had been disordered in his mind for nearly a month. We shook hands with the poor priest, who did not know us, took some refreshment, and continued our route to La Mesa. Here we slept at the house of the alcalde, a captain on half-pay, who requested us to dine with him. I called on our friend Señor Olaya, the colonel of militia, who was absent at his country-house.

Left La Mesa on the 6th of January, and passed the night at the inn at Quatre Bocas, and the next day at four o'clock we arrived at Bogotá, after an absence of just four months. The next day we had abundance of visits from our Bogotá friends, to offer us their congratulations on our getting safely back from our long and arduous journey. We found that there had been little or no rain at Bogotá, and in the latter end of January we saw a grand religious procession to Santa Barbara, to implore her intercession. But the saint appeared very hard hearted and totally unmoved by their supplications, as all these prayers did not produce a drop of rain at that time. Santa Barbara is the saint to whom the Co-

lumbians address themselves to petition her to keep off earthquakes, pestilential diseases, famine, &c. I think the bishop of the diocese should have given the priest of Ibaque a severe lecture for having addressed himself to Señor Riviero instead of Santa Barbara, to get rid of the earthquakes.

On the 3d of March we received, at Bogotá, the great and important intelligence of the battle of Ayacucho, gained over the army of the viceroy La Carna, by the Columbian general, Sucre, who commanded the Columbian and Peruvian troops. This victory decided at once the fate of Peru; and as the strong fortress of Callao, which was bravely defended by the Spanish general, Rodil, has since surrendered, Peru must be considered as lost for ever to the Spaniards.

On the 12th we had a grand military procession to celebrate the victory of Ayacucho. A handsome temple, on which was a figure of Fame blowing a trumpet, was erected in the centre of the Grand Square, in front of my house. All the troops of the garrison were assembled, and fired a feu de joie, and

received extra rations and aquadiente. I admired exceedingly one of the military movements on this occasion. The different companies were formed in letters spelling Ayacucho, and each soldier had a cap filled with rose leaves; at a signal given every man assisted in forming the letters with the rose leaves, which were very legible, and had a pleasing effect; after which the soldiers hurrahed lustily.

Called one morning in February on Señor Riviero at the museum, who showed me a thick ring of platina, made use of by the Indians as an ornament, before the arrival of the Spaniards in America. This is the only ornament of this hard metal that has ever been found in Columbia, and proves that the opinion generally entertained that the Indians had never discovered this metal, is erroneous. Mr. Riviero was of opinion that it had been originally a lump of platina, which had been hammered into the shape of a ring, as the Indians were ignorant of the process necessary to smelt this hard metal. This ring had been found in the bed of a small river. I believe that platina has never been obtained in any

part of the world but the province of Choco in Columbia.

We had just returned to Bogotá at the time the national feasts had finished. During this festival all classes gamble at the public booths, which are erected in the Great Square. Ladies of high rank are seen by the side of their servants and slaves at the gaming table, the minds of all parties being equally absorbed in the selfish desire to win and fill their pockets! The congress and executive government might, I conceive, put a stop gradually to these scenes of seductive vice, which promote the ruin of many excellent men and virtuous women. There are a variety of innocent ways of amusing the lower classes, and I must do them the justice to say, that they are generally of a mild and tractable disposition, easily governed and easily led astray. On the occasion of the annual feast the great square is let by the foot for the erection of gambling booths, and the money raised in this abominable way is pocketed by the municipality of the town.

On the 3d of March the pleasing intelligence arrived at Bogotá that the British government had acknowledged the independence of Columbia, which made every heart in Bogotá vibrate with joy; and the Columbian government were doubly gratified at the acknowledgement of their independence arriving before the great victory of Ayacucho could have been known in England. The people were to be seen riding and running about the streets as if they had been half mad, and I heard several exclaim, "now we are an independent nation; viva el rey de Inglaterra, viva el Señor Canning" (long life to the King of England and Mr. Canning); fire works were let off in all the streets, and bands of music, one of them headed by the Vice-President accompanied by all his staff and many civilians, paraded and played about the town. One band came to my house, accompanied by a large crowd of people, and played for a considerable time. I happened to be dining that day with the Consul-General, Mr. Henderson.

17th of March, St. Patrick's day, all the lower

orders of Europeans voted themselves Irishmen on this day, and did great honour to the patron saint by getting very drunk early in the day; indeed I saw two Irishmen standing at my gate drunk at six in the morning. They begged of his honour to accept of some shamrock to wear in his hat. Mr. Henderson gave a very handsome ball and supper in consequence of the independence of the country being acknowledged by England. The Vice-President and every person of consequence were invited to this ball, which was decidedly the gayest I had ever seen in Bogotá. The garden was tastefully illuminated with variegated lamps, and in the drawing-room were large transparent likenesses of Mr. Canning and Bolivar. Dancing was kept up nearly the whole night.

Soon after this the public attention at Bogotá was almost wholly engrossed by the trial of the black colonel, Infanté, for the murder of Captain Peŕdoné, who had hitherto escaped the punishment he deserved for committing this crime, by the obstinacy of Dr. Miguel Peña, the president of the high court

of justice, who refused to sign his sentence of death, although the majority of the members forming this court of appeal from the military tribunal had declared Colonel Infanté guilty. This important affair was referred to the congress, who decided that the sentence against the colonel, viz. to be shot, should be carried into execution by the executive government without the signature of Dr. Peña. This decision gave universal satisfaction, as from the evidence brought forward on the trial, there could not be the slightest doubt as to the colonel's guilt; although, from some caprice, or to shew his ingenuity in defending a bad cause, Dr. Peña, who was a man of considerable talents, was obstinately determined to differ in opinion from his colleagues. The character of Colonel Infanté, as I before stated, was so ferocious that he was dreaded by all the inhabitants.

On Saturday morning, the 26th of March, in the Great Square in front of the palace, the troops of the garrison, amounting to 2000 men, were formed in open square, and about eleven o'clock In-

fanté walked into the square in his colonel's uniform, carrying a crucifix before him, and having a priest on each side, who were praying with him. On the flanks and rear marched a considerable military guard. As the colonel passed by my house, I observed him to look about with rather a wild, disordered stare, and he limped a great deal from a wound he had received in his right leg from a musket ball in an action with the Pastucians in the province of Pasto. On arriving at the south side of the square, he remained a short time in prayer with the priests, who then retired, and the colonel addressed a few words to the troops, which I could not hear. An officer then stepped forward to put a bandage over the colonel's eyes, which he would not allow, calling out aloud to the troops, that he had often faced death in the field of battle, and that his courage did not fail him to do the same on this occasion. The colonel then seated himself on a small table and gave the signal for the soldiers to fire, by dropping a handkerchief from his right hand. He did not immediately fall, but continued

a few seconds sitting on the table, although more than one ball had perforated his body. The reserve, on observing this, advanced nearer, and shot him dead.

His Excellency the Vice-President now rode out from the palace in uniform, accompanied by his staff, and made an excellent speech to the troops; telling them that they had just witnessed an awful example of justice to the offended laws of the country, in the death of Colonel Infanté, which must have convinced them that the laws of the republic were enforced with strict impartiality; for on this instance, he observed, the culprit held the rank of colonel in the army, and was an officer who on many occasions had highly distinguished himself by his brilliant courage before the enemies of his country; and General Santander concluded by saying, "and if I had been guilty of the same crime as Colonel Infanté's, my body, I am convinced, would be lying where Colonel Infanté's now lies." This address was well received by the troops, who all shouted "viva la republica de Columbia, viva el Vice-Presidente."

Colonel Infanté, previously to the breaking out of the civil war, had been a slave in the province of Venezuela; he was considered an excellent partizan, but a sad sanguinary unprincipled fellow, who, if half of what I heard was true, ought to have been shot long before.

Charges were afterwards brought before the congress against Dr. Peña, for having refused to sign the sentence against Infanté. The doctor made an ingenious and able defence in justification of his conduct, which lasted two or three days. I heard part of it. The doctor was found guilty of having refused to perform the duties of his public situation, and he was suspended from the office of Judge of the Supreme Court for a twelvemonth, but allowed to receive two thirds of his salary. Soon after this, Dr. Peña left Bogotá, and returned to his native province of Venezuela. The doctor was considered a man of loose morals, but a sound, good lawyer.

The drought still continuing, a great number of cattle and sheep were dying from the want of food and water, and a proportion of the inhabitants of

the villages in the plain of Bogotá were obliged to leave them, and conduct their cattle into the savannahs and low countries, and near the large rivers. A farmer's saint, which is kept in a chapel on the top of the Mount Sierrat, was brought down to the town, and paraded through the streets several times, accompanied by an assemblage of friars, priests, and a large mob; but all would not do, and we had a broiling sun, without rain, excepting one slight shower. Mount Sierrat is 2420 feet above the town of Bogotá.

At this time Colonel Campbell, the second commissioner, arrived at Bogotá with the appointment from his Majesty of Ministers Plenipotentiary to the first and second commissioners, for the purpose of negotiating a treaty of amity and commerce between Great Britain and the state of Columbia. The ministers appointed to meet us for this negociation, were, my worthy and good friend the Honourable Pedro Gual, Minister for Foreign Affairs, and General Bricino Mendez, late Minister-at-War, also a most gentlemanly man. This treaty

was ratified by the Columbian Congress on the 27th of April, and on the 28th I left Bogotá, accompanied by a great many of my friends, who were so kind as to give me a dinner at a house on the road, about three leagues from Bogotá. I experienced this day much pleasure and much pain; the former derived from the kindness shewn me by all those friends who accompanied me, the latter at parting from them.

About four o'clock we proceeded on our journey to Fucutativa. My friend, Colonel Wilthew, at the desire of His Excellency the Vice-President, was to accompany me as far as the river Magdalena, to see that a champan was in readiness for me to embark immediately, as I was most anxious to arrive in England with the treaty of commerce before the prorogation of parliament. I had also with me Mr. C. Krause, king's messenger, and three servants.

Slept the evening of the 28th at Fucutativa, and proceeded early to Villena, and on Sunday the 30th, arrived at our friend's, Colonel Acosta, who

appeared heartily glad to see me once more. My ride to Guardias was not very agreeable, for the crupper of my saddle broke, and I was obliged to ride on a pack-saddle, which I found very uncomfortable, and in descending the steep mountains I had difficulty in keeping my seat.

Colonel Acosta had the kindness to give me a black parrot; and I fortunately succeeded in bringing the one I had purchased at Popayan safely over the Quindio mountains. These were the birds whose fate I have already lamented. It is a most difficult undertaking to get animals safely home, where you have to traverse in such a variety of climate, and to travel over such dreadful roads.

I bade farewell to Colonel Acosta early on the 1st of May, and got to the bodega (or custom-house) on the afternoon of that day. In all my travels in South America I never felt more exhausted from heat than on this day; the sun was excessively fierce, without the slightest breeze to refresh the traveller. The master of the custom-house told

me a large champan had been in readiness for me at Honda for some days; and as I was aware of the delays and difficulties in travelling in this country, I had adopted the precaution of sending a servant a few days before me to Honda, who spoke Spanish well, to have the champan and every thing in readiness. On the 2d of May, at nine o'clock A.M. I embarked, having previously thanked my good friend Colonel Wilthew for all his kindness and attentions towards me, and given him a hearty shake by the hand.

It was my determination to go down the river Magdalena night and day; but the patron of the champan having represented to me that there would be great risk in doing so for the first three or four nights, on account of the rocks and strong currents, I was obliged to sleep on shore the three first nights; after that, we went down the Magdalena merrily, passing in the centre of the stream, by which means the mosquitoes could not annoy us. It is mere pastime to the bongas going down the river; they have now only to paddle down, assisted by a

steady current, singing merry tunes, and keeping time with the stroke of their paddles to the tune, which is sometimes quick, at others slow.

At one village where we stopped to get provisions for the champan-men, I saw a large fat pig which was drinking at the river knocked on his side by the tail of an alligator, who seized him instantly by the fore-leg, and both disappeared under the water. At another place I observed the manner the natives kill fish with a small harpoon; one man paddles the canoe about, whilst the other looks out for the fish, having his harpoon in a position ready to strike. A large salmonetta passed the canoe whilst we were looking on, and the man very dextrously struck the fish with the harpoon, which instantly darted off down the stream, followed by the canoe, at the same time allowing the fish plenty of line. The canoe was absent about half an hour, when the men brought to us the salmonetta, weighing about sixty pounds, for which I gave him a dollar, the price he asked. Our crew feasted on this fish for a couple of days; but I thought it much

inferior, as food, to the bogie and several other fish which are caught in the Magdalena. The salmonetta is the shape of a salmon, with large bright silver scales.

In passing the town of Mompox we gave them a feu de joie, and hoisted Columbian colours, to let the inhabitants know that we were bearers of good news. Some of the champan-men wanted much to land and see their families; but I absolutely refused them, as I knew well that if once these gentlemen got on shore, I might probably wait a week before they made their appearance. I was much pleased when I found we had passed Mompox, and I promised to reward the men for complying with my wishes.

In twelve days we arrived at Barranca Nueva, from the custom-house near Honda. In ascending the river, we had been six weeks going the same distance. As soon as we landed at Barranca Nueva, Mr. Krause and the servants hired mules, and went on immediately with the baggage. I started with a Columbian officer, to whom I had given a passage

down the river, and whose regiment was in garrison at Carthagena, and we went that day eleven Spanish leagues without overtaking our baggage.

We slept at a small village, and the next day at two o'clock I arrived at the house of Mr. Watts (British Consul), at Carthagena. Here I found the brig of war commanded by Captain Furber waiting for me; but as I had rather taken them by surprise, Captain Furber requested I would give him one day to lay in an additional stock of water and more fresh provisions, which I was not sorry to comply with, as I wanted a little rest after my expeditious travelling down the river Magdalena.

I have little to say of Carthagena, as it is a place which has been frequently described by travellers. I found the heat here intolerable, hotter, if possible, than at Kingston. The place appeared to me to be strongly fortified on the land side, and the Columbians should fortify a height called La Popa, which commands the town and fortifications completely. At present there is only an old convent on the hill. I called on General Montillo the governor of the

province, who received me with great politeness, and requested me to dine with him the next day, which I declined doing, wishing to be quiet for one day. During my stay here, I was most hospitably treated by Mr. Watts, and received every attention from his lady and amiable family; his house is always open to every Englishman and foreigner of respectability.

On Sunday the 22d of May, considered by sailors a lucky day, I embarked on board the —— brig of war, and after a good passage landed at Portsmouth on the night of the 27th of June, and arrived on the 28th at Downing Street, having been exactly two months performing the journey from Bogotá to London. I believe this distance was never travelled in so short a time before.

It may at this period be interesting to know that a short time before I left Bogotá, a Bible Society was established, which, I believe, is the first that has been formed in South America. There were several meetings numerously attended. Among the persons of high rank who were strenuous ad-

vocates for it, were Pedro Gual, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and Dr. Castillo, the Minister of Finance; their opponents were two bigoted priests, who at first opposed having the Bible printed in Spanish, and when they were beaten off this ground, then argued that the Bible might be printed in Spanish, but with notes, agreeably to the decision of the Council of Trent. Gual and Castillo refuted all the arguments of the priests in a very masterly manner, and displayed on these occasions much deep reading in theology. We were all exceedingly pleased to see a venerable priest stand up (who was an advocate for the Bible Society) and to hear him give a sharp lecture to one of the priests for having made use of disrespectful language before the meeting. The old man spoke with much good sense, with force and with dignity; he was the senior canon of the cathedral. It is rather singular that our meetings were held in the convent of Santo Domingo, where the Inquisition formerly reigned despotic, and the Secretary of the Society was a friar of this convent, a

very intelligent young man. The donations and annual subscriptions were very liberal: and I am sure the morals of the people in Columbia will greatly improve when they are enabled to read the Bible, of which, hitherto, they have unfortunately been totally ignorant.

THE END.

G. WOODFALL, Printer, Angel Court, Skinner Street, London.

DIRECTIONS TO THE BINDER.

VOL. I.

View of a Cabulla on the River Suares, to face the Title.
View of the Pass from Honda to Bogotá, to face page 115.
Lancers of the Plains of Apuré, to face page 168.

VOL. II.

The Map is to be placed at the beginning of this Volume.
Passage across the Cabulla of Suata, to face the Title.
Cottages and Peasants of the Hacienda of Mondomo, to face page 110.
Lasoing the Bulls, to face page 130.
View of the Pass from Quindio, to face page 210.

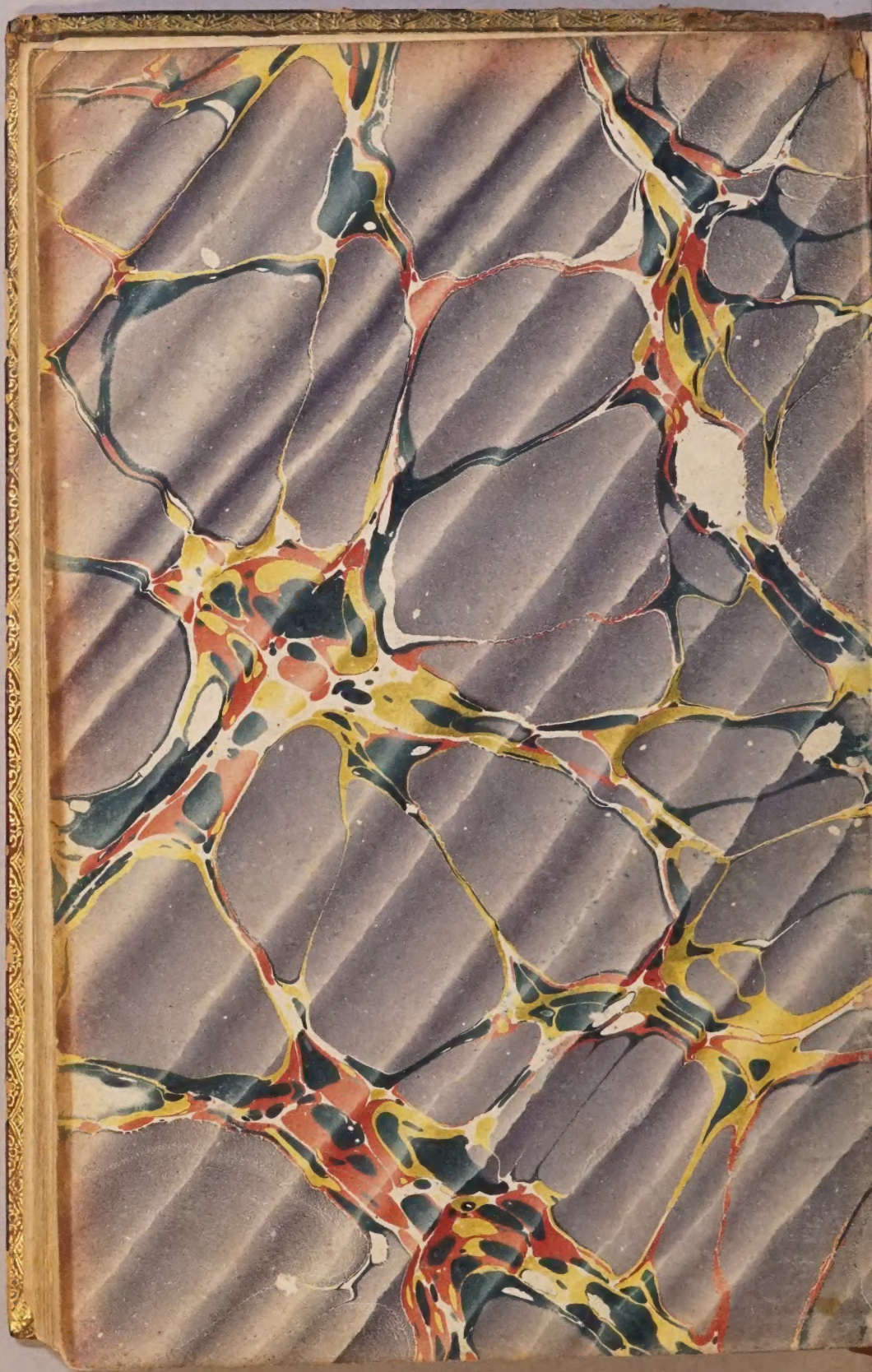
ERRATA.

VOL. I.

Page 238, line 7 from the bottom, *for* Rodit *read* Rodil.
264, line 10 from the top, *for* Corderillas *read* Cordilleras.

VOL. II.

Page 150, line 10 from the bottom, and
171, line 4 from the top, *for* quava *read* guava.
186, line 2 from the top, *for* Quibon *read* Quiberon.

£07-20

D827
H218t
v.2